THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1927

Correspondence

Anti-feminism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In treating us to an exposition of his feminist views, your correspondent, Mr. A. E. Linton, in your issue of July, brings various charges against me, hardly any of which (as is usual in printed controversies) he could hope to support in debate. And because, apparently, he has no more authority for his views than he declares I have for mine, he has recourse to the customary method of public controversy, which is to accuse his opponent of inconsistency. Space does not allow me to deal with his charges one by one, but perhaps if I take one or two at random and refute them, I shall be able to give the reader some idea of Mr. Linton's controversial methods and of the value of his arguments.

After asserting that I claim that normal woman has no artistic or scientific sense, but "constantly and consciously avoids those things that bear the hall-mark of cultivation, refinement, or careful selection, in order deliberately to pursue, select, value and cherish those that bear the stamp of coarseness, brutality and baseness," Mr. Linton pursues: "Needless to say, it is not apparent that these assertions are based upon any more scientific evidence than Mr. Ludovici's personal opinion and a few sentences culled from Mánu or Rousseau."

The very words "needless to say," in this comment of Mr. Linton's, are typical of his methods of controversy. (They are, of course, not his own invention. They have been used by every controversialist of his type who has preceded him.) They imply that, in referring to me, or my work, it is unnecessary to demonstrate to the reader certain well and widely known vices of my expository style. This sort of innuendo not only relieves a controversialist like Mr. Linton of the trouble of demonstrating and proving the particular charge which he makes, but it also gives the uninitiated reader the impression that the charge must be justified.

I will not proceed to adopt similar methods. I will not say: "Needless to say, Mr. Linton here makes an entirely unfounded charge." Because what interests me is to expose the manner rather than the matter of Mr. Linton's letter. Let me, therefore, be more direct, and declare that the charge introduced by Mr. Linton's "needless to say" cannot be sustained, and proves either that Mr. Linton has not

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read the book he claims to have read (my "Woman: A Vindication"), or else that he is misrepresenting what the book contains.

He may feel himself in a position to rebut the scientific evidence I do advance, in support of my claim that woman is devoid of taste, but that is not the impression that his comment gives. He says deliberately that I advance none. But in my "Woman: A Vindication" (see pp. 321–331), I go to great pains to show, among other things, the biological grounds for the female's lack of taste, the vital interests that depend upon it—the evolutionary hypothesis presupposes it!—and I show how this biological necessity for bad taste is exemplified in birds and other animals. Mr. Linton might have said that the scientific grounds I advanced might be contested, or refuted, or disputed. But to lead readers to suppose by his "needless to say" that, of course, I advance no other scientific evidence than my own opinion, and a few sentences culled from Mánu or Rousseau, is surely misrepresentation.

If Mr. Linton is really anxious to get at the truth about this matter, I am prepared to meet him in debate, any day, any hour, and if necessary to take my defeat in perfectly good part. But I submit that in a controversy ostensibly pursued for the object of arriving at some valid principle or truth, it should be unnecessary to use methods such as those which I have exposed above. Unfortunately, in controversies on the feminist question, emotion is wont to run so hih that I am more accustomed to being abused than to being answered in my dealings with feminists.

I have now dealt in sufficient detail with one example of Mr. Linton's methods of controversy. Now let me give an example of the soundness of his reasoning, and of the knowledge on which his reasoning depends.

Referring to my "self-destructive theories" (that they are self-destructive is not demonstrated), Mr. Linton says: "They all attempt to make out that feminism is a movement forced by a minority on an unwilling majority. Now, in the light of history is this likely? When before, it may be asked, in the history of mankind has any universal movement for emancipation been embarked upon for the benefit of a hostile community at the instigation of the abnormal and the political theorists?"

This is very bad. Let the reader peruse this interrogatory paragraph carefully, and draw his own conclusions regarding the state of Mr. Linton's reasoning powers. By the use of the word "universal" before "movement," it will at once be seen that Mr. Linton, like most superficial but frequently successful controversialists, has already answered the whole question he propounds. In the language of the logicians he has been guilty of the fallacy known as *petitio principii*, by using what Bentham, I believe, called a *question-begging epithet*. If the "movement" is "universal," then, of course, it is ridiculous to claim that it has been embarked upon for the benefit of a hostile community at the instigation of the abnormal and the political theorists. But Mr. Linton's ignorance of logic could only make his opponent appear wrong before uncritical people.

There is, however, more than one logical error in the paragraph quoted, which I leave to the ingenuity of the reader to discover.

But if Mr. Linton seriously wishes to know of examples in history of a minority imposing its will on a reluctant or even hostile majority, let me refer him to the Protestant Reformation, or to the Grand Rebellion, or even to the recent Bolshevik Revolution. Would he maintain that Bolshevism, or Sovietism, is the outcome of the will of the majority in Russia?

It is a pity that feminists will not give writers like myself fair play in controversy. I can well understand how the subject provokes emotion and prejudice, but it is less easy to conceive how the cause of feminists is felt to have been promoted by the kind of argumentation I have just examined. There are surely two sides to most questions, and because I happen to represent the opposing side in the feminist controversy, why should it seem necessary to try to discredit me before answering my arguments?

I am, etc.,

A. M. Ludovici.

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Chinese Nationalism

An Open Letter to Dr. Timothy Tingfang Lew

SIR,—It is not my purpose to express any further opinion on the Missionary question, as raised by "Mencius Junior," in the pages of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. Inasmuch, however, as your reply to that writer, published last month, consists chiefly of political propaganda for the benefit of the westernized section of China's present-day bureaucracy, and as it contains a number of statements calculated to mislead those who are unfamiliar with the methods and objects of this propaganda, I consider it a duty to submit the following criticisms of some of these statements, together with one or two questions arising therefrom. These questions, you will observe, are simple and direct. They deal not with theories, but with matters of fact that must be within your knowledge, and they need only simple and direct replies.

Throughout the article to which I refer, you speak of China as a politically conscious nation, united in a firm resolve to adapt itself to the modern world. You declare that "the Renaissance movement has won its decisive battles, that it emphasizes the practical needs of the nation, that its centre of interest is man, and its authority the people." Also, you say that "the flood of new thought and idealism has defied the efforts of the old generation"; that "China is a Republic, whose Constitution guarantees religious liberty"; and a great deal more to the same effect.

Since 1912, statements such as these have been the stock-in-trade of the propaganda which the Cantonese, or Nationalist, group of politicians and publicists has used with remarkable effect in the United States and with no little success in this country. Coming from professional politicians or propagandists, the fact that they are either wholly untrue or deliberately misleading is in itself nothing remarkable. But when they appear in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, over the signature of one who claims to be a Doctor of Divinity and a university professor, they call, I think, for some explanation. For, assuming that you make these statements seriously and using words in their ordinary sense, I submit that it must be within your knowledge that China has never been a Republic in anything but name, and that no part of the country, nor any section of the people, has at any time enjoyed the benefits of a

bona fide or valid Constitution. The simple truth of the matter is that, since the collapse of the Central (Manchu) authority, the country has become a lawless stamping ground for political adventurers and predatory officials. Since 1911, the only law in the land has been the law of armed force, and the only effective factor in politics—money. During these years of unrest, every city in China has been repeatedly looted; life and property are nowhere secure today, except in the foreign settlements of the Treaty Ports, which the "Nationalist" Party now desires to expropriate and exploit. These are the simple facts.

Furthermore, with regard to your invocation of the authority of the Chinese people for the "Renaissance" movement, I submit that neither the leaders of this movement, nor those of any other political group, have ever shown any sign of a capacity, or even a desire, to organize any form of representation for public opinion; neither the feelings nor the interests of the inarticulate masses have ever been seriously considered, even as a matter of policy, by any of the rival political factions. Nor has the Government of the "Republic" ever attempted to initiate any genuine reform as a foundation for popular representation or democratic institutions.

Under this heading, I would therefore ask you three plain questions:

(1) Can you cite a single province or city of China in which a legal Constitution has ever had any practical bearing on the life of the people or the conduct of public affairs?

(2) In the absence of any and every form of popular representation, upon what grounds do you claim "the authority of the people" in support of the programme and proceedings of the political group to which you belong?

(3) Can you name any individual Government official, or political leader, who has ever seriously attempted to organize even the rudiments of a Republican form of government in China—a government of the people, by the people, and, above all, for the people? Can you name one who, in the opinion of his fellow-countrymen, has put his country's needs before his private interests?

To continue. You say that "Chinese Christians are loyally supporting any political or social movement, provided it is not un-Christian, that is working for the preservation and enrichment of Chinese life and for the realization of China's national aspirations." I assume that the "Chinese Christians" to whom you refer are genuine converts to Christianity and not merely politicians (such as Dr. Sun Yat Sen or General Feng Yu-hsiang) who have professed the faith for their own private ends. I find it hard to believe, however, that you can be serious in suggesting that any genuine Chinese Christian could loyally support the policy and proceedings of any one of the rival factions which at present represent China's "national aspirations," factions which have expelled with particularly cynical brutality the very missionaries who have been most active in support of the Nationalist agitation against the "unequal Treaties." In order to avoid all possibility of misunderstanding on this point, however, I would ask you to give the name of any political or social movement which is entitled to the support of

Chinese Christians because of its definite and disinterested efforts "to preserve and enrich Chinese life"—meaning thereby the daily life of the nation, and not that of the individual politicians concerned?

Again, you say, "With open arms China is receiving all things foreign: philosophy, art, science, literature—and religion." It is obvious, I think, that "China" in this case means only the small class of denationalized Intellectuals with which you are identified. For it is notorious and undeniable that, so far as the rest of the nation is concerned, the only foreign things which the powers that be are receiving with open arms, are munitions of war and money. But assuming, for the sake of argument, that your modern Intellectuals do represent China, can you cite a single instance of collective and effective action on their part, to welcome the philosophy, art, science, or literature of the West, except as means to a political end or for professional reasons?

Finally, you observe that "one of the outstanding elements of "modernization in China is democratization; whatever one may say of "democracy, the Chinese people have made up their mind to give it a "trial." I confess that the precise meaning of the first part of this oracular statement escapes me; it appears to be based on the principle, "take care of the sounds, and the sense will take care of itself." The latter part, however, is definite enough; once more we have the authority of the Chinese people invoked in a matter of high national policy, consciously and deliberately conceived. Now the plain truth of this matter is, not that the Chinese people have decided to give democracy a trial, but that the bandit and the pirate, the political adventurer and the modern-type mandarin, each being a law unto himself, have inflicted, and are inflicting, many sore trials on the Chinese people, in the empty name of democracy. I would therefore ask you, Sir, in conclusion, (1) when, where, and how did the Chinese people record the decision to which you refer? (2) Do you seriously ask the readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW to believe that 2 per cent. of the people of China know, or care, what democracy means? If not, what does your "democratization" amount to?

I am, etc.,

J. O. P. BLAND.

*** *In Dr. Lew's article published last month there are two details which need correction, and, as they stand, misrepresent his meaning:*

(1) *Page 172, line 8: "because of . . . denationalization . . ." should be "because of the rise of nationalism and rationalism . . ."*

(2) *Page 176, line 4 of the 2nd paragraph: "former secretaries" should be "foreign secretaries."*

House of Lords Reform

By Harold Briggs, M.P.

[*It is our practice as far as possible to publish replies which may be regarded as a fair statement of the other side. The following is one of several relating to last month's articles on this subject. The writer endorses the need for endowing the Second Chamber with the power to prevent any fundamental change in the Constitution without appeal to the electorate—a vital function which it cannot now effectively perform. He further admits that, as constituted, the House of Lords may not be able to survive a "not improbable" "undue stress." His sole difficulty appears to be acceptance of the hereditary principle. His view that Lord Cave's suggestions indicated an even firmer establishing of the hereditary principle is surely incorrect. They involved, on the contrary, substantial dilution of the purely hereditary system by means of nomination and a process of inter-election likely to limit the hereditary element to precisely those peers whose valuable services would, in his opinion, secure their election to an ideal Second Chamber.*—ED. E. R.]

OF the three articles dealing with House of Lords Reform which appeared in the August issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, the first by the Editor is frankly critical of those members of the Conservative Party, and particularly its representatives in the House of Commons, who are opposed to the suggested reforms as set forth by Lord Cave.

The editorial view of the reasons which led so considerable a number of the members to express their feelings, with somewhat unusual spontaneity, is open to question, but here I merely desire to point out that the expression "weaklings"* disfigures an otherwise interesting criticism. It is not generally the weaklings who have

* The word would only be appropriate to any who shirked the issue through cowardice; it was, however, actually applied to those Conservatives who had "deprecated the danger of provocation" in respect of the Trade Unions Bill and the break with Russia.—*Ed. E. R.*

the courage to declare their opinion, when it is in advance of their party's accepted boundaries.

The second article, by Lord Hunsdon, is intriguing, but not very convincing. He opens by saying he is not going to apologise, presumably for an hereditary chamber, but he certainly endeavours to find every possible excuse* for the inclusion of hereditary peers.

The third, by Professor Morgan, is alarming in the prospect it envisages, yet offers little suggestion how the dangers are to be overcome, unless we are to believe that the whole question resolves itself into, "What is a Money Bill?" In truth, should Professor Morgan's fears become actualities, the topsy-turvy would happen—Socialist Constitutionalists opposed to Tory Revolutionaries, and almost of necessity bloody revolutionists.

In my view it does seem that the chief need in arguing this matter is at least some appreciation of what the people will accept, may even welcome, as tending to maintain stable government, whilst not lessening their ultimate authority. The massed sense of the people recognizes and values, in the main, one quality, "ability," if only for the reason that in its own wider knowledge and awakened intelligence it has a clearer understanding of what constitutes true merit. Why haggle about such trumpery details as to how many black or how many white pawns shall be on the board?

To be of any consequence in the future fate of this country or to be allowed an effective part in the governing of it, the Second Chamber must be one holding the trust and confidence of the people. Without such confidence all regulations and laws upon which any reform might be based would be worth less than the paper upon which they were written.

I believe that, in general, political thought in this country favours the continuance of a Second Chamber, not necessarily with greater powers than the existing House of Peers. It would probably, however, welcome the amending of the Parliament Act to the extent of giving this chamber authority to refuse consent to any Bill creating fundamental change in our constitutional

* The word "reason" should fairly be substituted and the criticism would fail.—*Ed. E. R.*

system until the same had been submitted as a definite proposal to the vote of the electorate.

The character of the Second Chamber should be judicial, safeguarding the life and interests of the people (using the term in its widest sense). The Commons is and must continue to be the legislative chamber, and its authority must be final, subject only to the check of an amended Parliament Act. The existing House of Peers could suitably continue to exercise these powers, although sometimes their decisions might conceivably not receive as much public approval as if they were given by an elected chamber. But why not face the true facts realized and accepted by many thinking Conservatives, that on examination of House of Lords reform the whole basis of the edifice is found to be unequal to the strain of supporting a modernized structure? Leave it untouched, and it may stand for many a year, unless put to some undue stress; and it is because such stress is not improbable that many would wish to see the Upper House strengthened, but not on the lines of Lord Cave's suggestions, which seemed to indicate an even more firm establishing of its hereditary character.

It was, I think, the hopelessness of recommending such a proposal to the average constituency that led so large a section of Conservative members to opposition, both in and out of the Commons. Speaking only for myself (although I know there are many of my party who agree with me), I believe that to fulfil its true purposes a reformed Second Chamber must be given new foundations; and as one who has always, since first elected to Parliament some years ago, claimed to be a Tory democrat, I feel it no heresy to say that the hereditary system is out of keeping with today's conditions. To me the impropriety would appear to lie in the idea that one should accept such an undisguised anachronism as the acme of class authority as opposed to democratic government based upon a practically universal franchise.

How such a reformed Second Chamber should best be constituted is matter for greater minds, but something might be learnt from the tried methods of other countries. A comparative instance reminds one that Great Britain has eighty-five counties; three or four representatives

elected by each county would make a strong Second Chamber, and in view of its judicial character men could be chosen for qualities and virtues possibly different from those usually required of a candidate for the Commons. Without doubt all the present peers who are giving valuable service would find a place in such a chamber.

For the sake of euphony and uniformity each member might well be entitled to be "My Lord" during his period of service, which could suitably be for ten years. The unwisdom of continuing an hereditary chamber could well be argued upon even broader grounds than those used here, but I will only repeat that it is difficult today to reconcile hereditary authority with democratic power.

The Tory banner could still continue to bear, "For Church, Crown and Country," but in the reverse order; for with the Church no longer an active political factor, and the Crown by personal qualities and Empire needs more firmly established than ever before in our history, the Country, that is the people, once last, becomes first.

I venture to suggest that Conservatism, if it is to maintain its great place in our country's affairs, must be progressive, governing without bias or prejudice, rendering what is due to society, not waiting until circumstances compel.

The Geneva Conference

By Captain Alfred Dewar, R.N.

THE Washington Conference concluded its work in 1922. It pledged the Great Powers concerned to a specific relative strength in capital ships* (i.e. battleships and battle cruisers).

There remained, however, a loophole in its deliberations. It dealt only with battleships and left the question of cruisers untouched, prescribing merely that they should not exceed 10,000 tons (10,160 tons metric), nor carry a gun in excess of 8 inches (206 millimetres).

It might appear at first sight that the principle of parity applied to battleships is equally applicable to cruisers. Such is not the case. The functions of the two are different. The number of battleships is governed by the strength of the opposing battle fleet. The number of cruisers depends on the magnitude of the interests they have to defend at sea. America is practically self-supporting both in food, the cardinal necessity of material things, and in all raw materials except rubber, tin and manganese. Great Britain on the other hand, for three-quarters of her food and all raw materials except coal, is dependent on supplies from overseas.

It is possible to arrive at a figure of what may be termed defensive parity as a basis of battleship strength, and it might be possible, too, to arrive at some standard of parity for that portion of the cruiser strength whose work lies with the battle fleet. The strength of the remainder is contingent on considerations more difficult to appraise—the length of the trade routes, their vulnerability to attack, their relative importance and the volume of traffic moving on them. To a power whose trade routes cover the globe and which is dependent on them for its daily bread, a merely arithmetical parity in cruiser tonnage cannot represent a standard of equivalent security. A castle standing in the plain requires stronger ramparts than one set on a hill. That is presumably why the question of cruiser strength was left untouched at Washington.

The two great insular powers, Great Britain and

* 5 : 5 : 3 : 1·5 : 1·5 for British Empire, U.S.A., Japan, France, and Italy. Washington Conference, Cmd. 1627, 1922.

Japan, washed by the sea on every side, proceeded with a policy of regular cruiser replacement, building cruisers of 10,000 tons armed with 8-in. guns. The United States, secure in the dominance of its own vast resources, lingered behind.

In 1926, the number of cruisers of all types built and building was :

British Empire.	U.S.A.	Japan.
63	40	43
380,670 tons	334,560 tons	289,701 tons

Included in these figures, the number of new 10,000-ton cruisers was :

British Empire : eleven built and building, and two authorized.
U.S.A. : two building, and six authorized.
Japan ; six built and building, and four projected.*

Under the spell of strong incantations of cruiser arithmetic, the Big Navy party in the United States demanded an increase in the cruiser figures. A strong group of Republicans supported the demand, but the President was not on their side.

The Naval Appropriation Bill provided no money for three cruisers authorized in 1924. The Big Navy group began to stamp with frenzy. Congress supported the President, but in the Senate a motion was carried to spend £240,000 as a first instalment on the three. The clash between the two houses was referred to a compromise committee, which recommended the expenditure of £90,000 as an initial instalment.

The President took up the challenge to his policy, and on February 10 sent a note to the Powers—Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan—proposing a conference on the limitation of naval armaments. The horrid spectre of competitive building was to be laid by the spell of a common denominator of naval strength.

France and Italy sent a polite refusal. France, reminiscent perhaps of her difficulties at Washington, thought that the question of lighter craft affected so closely the smaller navies that it could not be decided by the great Powers alone. Disarmament, too, must be treated as a whole, to be attained by a quota of total tonnage, which could be allotted by each power according to its own requirements. Italy replied, on more general

* Brassey's "Naval and Shipping Annual," 1927, p. 64.

lines, that the limitation of armaments must be universal and that her peculiar geographical situation rendered it impossible for her to commit herself. There remained Great Britain and Japan. They accepted, and the Conference met at Geneva on June 20.

Mr. Hugh Gibson, American Minister at Brussels, was the American Representative; Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Bridgeman, the First Lord of the Admiralty, represented Great Britain. As technical advisers, the Admiralty sent Admiral Sir Frederic Field, the Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff, and the Conference also had the benefit of the mature experience gained by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe during the war as Commander-in-Chief at sea and First Sea Lord at Whitehall.

The main objects of the Conference were clearly defined. In two words, they were Security and Economy. Anything that might be interpreted in an aggressive sense was severely repudiated. "We have none of us the right to maintain a naval force which would constitute a threat to any one of us." The proposals of the three powers were presented. They were distinctly different. Great Britain sought economy along a safe and practical road. She wished to extend the age limit of battleships from twenty to twenty-six years, which means that the replacement of our battle fleet, instead of beginning in 1931,* would be postponed till 1937. The tonnage of battleships was to be reduced from 35,000 tons to 30,000 tons,† and the calibre of the heaviest gun from 16 inches to 13·5 inches. On the question of cruisers, Great Britain suggested a ratio of 5 : 5 : 3 in 10,000-ton craft and, when the number of these cruisers had been decided, was prepared to discuss a limitation of 7,500 tons and 6-in. guns in all future light cruisers.‡

These proposals were definite and practical. The lay mind might not immediately grasp all they involved, but they embodied a measure of certain economy and could not have prejudiced the security of any of the three Powers. One thing is certain—they provided no foundation on which to rear a policy of aggression.

* Under the Washington Treaty the British Empire may lay down in 1931 two ships; 1932, two ships; 1933, one ship; 1934, two ships; 1935, one ship; 1936, two ships.

† A saving of about £1,000,000 per ship.

‡ *Times*, June 21, 1916.

The United States' proposals were framed on different lines. They wished to apply the ratio system of the Washington Treaty to cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, and to allot a measure of tonnage to each of these types in the following proportion :

	British Empire and U.S.	Japan.
Cruisers	250,000 to 300,000	130,000 to 180,000
Destroyers ..	200,000 to 250,000	120,000 to 150,000
Submarines ..	60,000 to 90,000	36,000 to 54,000

America was not prepared to agree to a reduction in the size of cruisers from 10,000 to 7,500, nor in the size of gun from 8 to 6 inches.

Japan's proposals had the merit of simplicity, and amounted practically to accepting the *status quo* on the basis of existing effective ships, built and building, and to build no more except for purposes of replacement.

It was plain from the beginning that the basis of comparison was different. The British were thinking in terms of definite types of vessels and definite calibres of guns. The Americans were thinking in terms of a general figure of tonnage. The latter is the basis proposed in the French Preliminary Draft Treaty for the Limitation of Armaments,* but Great Britain in her Draft Treaty laid more stress on tonnage of the ship and the calibre of the gun.† This certainly seems the more practical line. Total tonnage is no doubt more elastic and leaves a wider field for choice, but it is more exact to measure in terms of gun calibres and of individual ships of a specific type. Tonnage may be a measure of fighting capacity, but one does not fight with tonnage—one fights with guns. The Washington Treaty did, it is true, adopt tonnage as a measure, but its discussions were confined to a single type of ship, and the total tonnage was derived from the sum of the tonnage of existing ships. It did not start with a blank frame of total tonnage to be filled in by ships not yet designed. The figure of total tonnage at the Washington Conference was a solid structure built up brick by brick out of definite ships. Every ship was mentioned in it by name and a precise year given for its replacement. Mr. Hughes did not deal with theoretically

* March 22, 1927. "The limitation of naval armaments—shall apply to the total tonnage." League of Nations, Cmd. 2888, 1927, p. 16.

† *Idem*, p. 11.

adequate navies, but with actual navies and concrete ships.* This was to screw things down to bed rock.

The proposal presented by the United States at Geneva appeared to be on the same lines, but was actually different. It consisted of a blank frame of tonnage to be filled up by an unknown number of ships not yet designed. It lacked the element of concrete determination in terms of individual ships and guns, which must form the essence of any comparison in proposals of this kind.

At Washington, America began with a concrete proposition in the form of definite ships whose guns and tonnage were definitely known and ended with a table of tonnage. At Geneva, America began with a frame of tonnage to be filled in the future with an indeterminate number of nebulous ships.

It is true that the Preparatory Committee† in May 1926 proposed total tonnage as a basic standard in the case of naval armament, but no one actually compares naval strength in this way. Tonnage may give a specious arithmetical idea of parity, but real comparisons must be framed in terms not merely of the different classes and types, each of which has its own function to perform, but in terms of each particular ship. One does not compare houses in terms of cubic feet of space, but in terms of rooms and their uses; and does anyone attempt to discover a fixed scale of comparison for indeterminate factors such as personal requirements, surroundings, and situation? The search of the Preparatory Committee for some scale of "equitable relativity" in armaments is pathetic in its futility.

So far as naval armaments are concerned, not only must the type and function of ships be taken into consideration, but ships of the same type, widely different in gun-power and other qualities, must be grouped in separate categories. Mr. Hugh Gibson in his opening speech himself foreshadowed something of the sort when he stated on June 20, as a principle of the Conference, that navies should "never be of a size *and character*‡ to

* Mark Sullivan, "Great Adventure at Washington," 1922.

† Preparatory Committee for Disarmament Conference established by resolution of the Council of the League of Nations, September 26, 1925.

‡ Italics not in original.

warrant the suspicion of aggressive intent." It was round this point that discussion began to revolve.

The Americans stated that they were prepared to limit further construction within a total tonnage of 400,000 tons, but must be free to build 10,000-ton cruisers up to 250,000 tons. This meant, of course, twenty-five large 10,000-ton cruisers. Now, no one can doubt that 10,000-ton cruisers armed with 8-in. guns are in a different category from smaller cruisers armed only with 6-in. guns. In terms of tonnage, twenty-five 8-in. gun cruisers of 10,000 tons and twenty-five 6-in. gun cruisers of 6,000 may be equal to sixty-six 6-in. gun cruisers of 6,000 tons. This may be quantitative parity, but it is not qualitative parity, for even in gun-power the 10,000-ton cruiser can fire a broadside nearly twice as heavy as that of the 6-in. type. If parity is to be measured in terms of the capacity and gun-power of each distinctive class of ship and not merely in tonnage arithmetic, then, to attain parity each power must build twenty-five 10,000-ton cruisers.

This made Japan look very blank. For her and Great Britain it destroyed all hopes of economy and the elimination of competitive building, for of 10,000-ton cruisers, building, authorized and projected, no Power has so many as twenty-five.*

Faced with this contingency, Great Britain endeavoured to reduce it to concrete terms of a definite minimum, and suggested a figure of fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers. But America was not prepared to state a definite number. Far from it. They were thinking, not as at the Washington Conference, in terms of existing ships actually built and to be replaced on definite dates, but in terms of some future programme, nebulous and undefined.

Great Britain was disinclined to consider a blank frame of tonnage till it knew the types of ships that were to fill it, and so a deadlock ensued.

America maintained that till the total tonnage was settled, nothing could be decided as to the number of large cruisers. One might as well say that till the cubic space of a house from attic to basement is decided, one cannot decide as to the size of the kitchen. And this view must appear all the more extraordinary as it is

* Great Britain has fourteen, United States eight, Japan eight. "Return of Fleets," February 1927, Cmd. 2809.

precisely the opposite, not only of that taken by Mr. Hughes at Washington, but by Mr. Gibson himself in the Preparatory Committee for Disarmament in April 1927, when he said, "The maximum size of each category should be prescribed, also the maximum calibre of gun, because we are assured that we cannot go far wrong if we deal with *tangible and visible characteristics* rather than complicate the problem by dealing with characteristics *not openly visible.*"

But if one must deal with tangible and visible characteristics in each ship separately, then one must be ready to state in terms of a tangible and visible figure the number of ships that one intends to build. But this number the American delegates would not, perhaps could not, give. Japan came to the rescue with a proposal that the ratio of 10,000-ton cruisers should be limited to 12 : 12 : 8, and other cruisers were not to exceed 7,500 tons, to be armed with nothing larger than the 6-in. gun.

The British delegates returned to London, and were back at Geneva on July 28. Briefly, Mr. Bridgeman proposed a proportion in 10,000-ton cruisers of 12 : 12 : 8, and a tonnage for cruisers, destroyers and submarines of 590,000 tons for the British Empire and United States, and 385,000 tons for Japan. In addition each power could retain 25 per cent. of tonnage in vessels over age.*

This meant a total maximum tonnage for cruisers and destroyers of Great Britain and America of 647,500 tons,† and these figures were not acceptable to America. Mr. Gibson said he could not reconcile this figure with the 450,000 tons‡ mentioned by Lord Balfour at Washington in 1921. There was no necessity to try. The figure of 450,000 tons that Lord Balfour gave in the second plenary session at Washington, referred most definitely and unmistakably only to the "vessels auxiliary and necessary to the battle fleet"§ and "not to the cruisers and auxiliary ships required for the protection of trade routes."

Mr. Gibson made great play with that hardworked

* *Times*, July 29, 1927.

† For cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, 590,000; add 25 per cent. = 737,500; subtract 90,000 tons for submarines, gives 647,500 tons. The tonnage of British cruisers in 1927 was 380,670, and of destroyers, 215,900 —a total of 596,570 tons.

‡ *Times*, August 5.

§ Lord Balfour, *Times*, August 7.

word " relativity " and the idea that naval power was relative; but where there are degrees of necessity, there will be a greater necessity for naval power. Shipping is to England what the wheat and cotton crop is to America. Earl Jellicoe put the case for cruisers cogently and clearly, but the Conference broke down. Any attempt to limit armaments must start, as Mr. Hughes did at Washington, with definite concrete ships, and must be prepared to state definitely the number to be retained in each distinctive class. It may well be that the requirements and commitments of the various powers are so divergent as to preclude the possibility of arithmetical parity in a particular class. In that case a power must build to meet its own requirements, but it need not build competitively. Motives are more difficult to weigh and measure than ships, but it is sufficient to say that the attitude of the American delegates displayed no symptoms of any desire to reach an agreement. Possibly they thought that it would be better for divergent proposals to sink in the calm depths of the Lake of Geneva than in the furious turmoil of a Senate debate, accompanied by frenzied twistings of a phantom lion's tail. Possibly they were thinking of getting naval appropriations through Congress. If the question is reopened, economy and security may be sought along the lines where they can most securely be found, namely, by scaling down the size of the battleship and assigning a definite limit to the number of large cruisers. Words such as " global " tonnage should be used with reserve.

Mahan has gone, but his books remain, and the words " relativity " and " parity " are not to be found in them. " It would be," he said, " a mistaken policy for the United States to push Great Britain towards exhaustion by an attempt to rival her in a degree of naval strength of which we have no need, whereas her dependence upon it is vital and cannot by her be neglected." *

Boswell tells us that Dr. Warburton observed that, if Mallett should write the life of the Duke of Marlborough, he would probably forget that he was a general; and one might add that some, when they talk of the British Empire and progress and civilization, seem to forget that there is such an element as the sea.

* " Naval Strategy," 1911, p. 332.

Achilles with the Golden Clogs

By T. Kerr Ritchie

OUR modern democratic society suffers acutely from an absence of courageous, truthful leadership, and it exists almost without any moral standards which would preserve us from what an old-fashioned Scottish minister, with tireless reiteration, would have termed "eternal damnation."

With filthy feet we stamp on the relics of aristocracy and religion as we swagger aimlessly through that tortuous ditch of a communication trench which conducts us forward to the front line, and with the fusty breath of multitudes we snuff out any star-shells which might brighten our infirm Pilgrim's Progress from this world to the next. We do not think of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth about to cross the river of Death:—

> My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage. . . .

Are we so pitifully deficient in intellect and conscience that the flame from some Oriental torch must arise again and illuminate the cavernous depths of our American and European mentalities, lighting up the white man's mental outlook as did that other Asiatic fiery cross in those days when the Christian Church was born?

Plato says that "intellect is king of heaven and earth," but with Plato intellect is moral, it is even ascetic. The whole German Ocean of philosophy in which our supermen swim is anything but Platonic. It needs to filter through some Panama Canal of cleansing microbes into wider, purer oceans of truth.

In these modern days, whether I twist my fellow man's neck because I am the stronger, or whether by my superior knowledge of business and law I lay a trap for him and cause him to groan in a Slough of Despond while I "lawfully" grab the profit of his labour, makes a mighty small difference. Has our democratic opinion not lost the sense of measure, of poise, or perfect balance peculiar to more ancient civilizations based on aristocracy and religion?

The foundation stone of all classical learning lay in the idea that there is a certain measure which is most salutary in all things. That enjoyment depends not on

the quantity of satisfied wants and the difficulty of satisfying them, but on the form in which they are produced and satisfied, much as physical or architectural beauty is determined, not by Assyrian-Babylonian-Epstein-like masses of material, but by the observing *inter alia* of certain mathematical lines. This foundation stone is not an antique Roman milestone by Cannon Street Station in London; it is an eternal principle, an abstraction which should be one of the myriad gods dancing on the manifold carburettor needles of our present-day activities, and adding to the driving force which should make the wheels of civilization move more smoothly towards their goal, without Asiatic tyres swollen with helium.

In strict accordance with our philosophic outlook we are prone to count all values only on the altar of Mammon, and what is really valuable is seldom counted at all. If this is true in Europe, it is doubly true on the other side of the Atlantic.

> Plate sin with gold,
> And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks;
> Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Blinded by horn-rimmed spectacles, we have small pride in work for work's sake, we have smaller pride in work for others' sake, and we have infinitely small pride in working for universal truth. We have no real joy in labour. It has become merely an affair of so many hours for so many shillings; hours which are a waste of time, and shillings which buy us only half-made articles turned on the self-same rickety labour lathe. A lathe which only wants some slight repairs, but which some fools would destroy in following further the mad King Lear's advice:

> Get thee glass eyes
> And like a scurvy politician, seem
> To see the things thou dost not.

Almost bereft of aristocracy and religion, we fear to view life as a struggle in which the vanquished perish. Nursed in our narrow little cradle world, we reck not on the howling blizzards outside our front doors. We wrap ourselves in threadbare cotton-wool blankets called armistices, doles, pensions, institutions, prohibitions, and smile scornfully at the idea of any boll-weevil

destroying our nest. Vanquished and vanquishers are as unknown in this triumphant democracy as treason and traitors.

Why should modern life be reduced to this futile, uninspiriting, barb-wire herd law? Did all our visionaries, our gallant, gay, heroic souls, perish between the years 1914–1918? Did they dream nightmares of peace, or did they think only on duty well done and love everlasting?

> Wayfarer, tidings to the Spartans bring
> That here we lie, their words remembering.

Money debts are interesting. Do they not offer the prospect of contest? And, after all, what is more amusing to a lazy Hottentot pygmy or an American worshipper of peace on earth and goodwill to all men, than the spectacle of a debtor struggling with his creditors? Where is the Protestant divine who would dare to preach from the text, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," to the Lords of the American congregation? Where are the American courtly knights who would hasten to divest themselves of their own costly habiliments and throw them carelessly but gracefully in the muddy path of peace, the virgin queen?

Shakespeare left mortgage deeds and records of a law case behind him. Would it be quite correct to say in this twentieth century that Shakespeare was a debtor and his money-backers his creditors? Are these creditors and their descendants not his eternal debtors? Are we not all debtors of a certain Wilkins Micawber? There is a whole continent of discussion, infinitely bigger than any continent of Australia, peopled, it may be, by the descendants of Micawber, in regard to this preliminary definition of creditors and debtors in this question of international debts. With our modern democracies we permit of no discussion on preliminaries; faithful followers of Nietzsche and Karl Marx, we only sing a sort of perverted Kiplingese:

> Pass the hat for your credit's sake
> And pay! pay! pay!

Credit? Is Great Britain's credit increased by one-sided transactions in gold with some Washington Dewan-i-Khas? Half the population is living on a pittance, and

the other half desirous of Imperial emigration but vegetating on the dried beans which revolutionary immigration throws it with a swill pail.

The United States of America, in their notion of international justice, have less moral principle than Akbar. Like the Mogul Emperor, they have an opening in the wall of their Washington Dewan-i-Khas for the reception of petitions to be placed at the foot of the peacock throne, but above the opening is not even a mosaic pattern of the scales of justice, as in Delhi, to serve as a grand remembrancer. Their scales give the distinct impression of being composed of worn-out pieces of some dilettante banker-journalist's typewriter with a few thousand grains of western prairie wheat used as weight. Whether the grain goes sixty pounds to the bushel or fifteen makes no difference, and a worn-out typewriter can never be adjusted exactly to take the place of a pair of scales—least of all, scales of international justice. This is the thought which occurs to anyone who is not prepared to admit that wealth and material happiness are the only things worth striving after in this world of ours.

Our bankers tell us that our credit depends chiefly on our character, but they seldom fail to take account of our bank balance. Our international bankers tell us that national credit depends chiefly on national character, but they entirely fail to take account of our national resources, and how can international bankers be expected to understand national character?

Is national character acquired by paying national debts? Only if these debts be in conformity with international justice. This payment of European so-called debtors to American so-called creditors is not in harmony with any conception of international justice; it is only the justice of Main Street, Mudflats, Minnesota.

What kind of national character does this polity called the United States of America represent to the European mind? It were well that British journals left "the austerities of international finance and dignified business-like reparations" severely alone and regarded the British industrial and British taxpayer starving at their feet. It were well that some stock-taking of American enterprise in Europe were presented to the people of these United States.

This American community enriched itself at the expense of the warring nations during 1914–1915–1916. American cotton and contraband found its way into allied countries and into Germany direct, or through neutral channels, by the ship-load. At this juncture the hands of the allied nations were full with the onslaught of the German Nietzschean force let loose; their feet were tied by international law as promulgated at The Hague, and they themselves had to depend on American supplies. This American democracy prolonged the Great War and caused as much European suffering as any German kaiser. Only when the German armed force began to interfere with this delicious business, only then did America join the allied nations in their war in defence of all that is best in civilization—including international justice.

The armistice of 1918 was agreed to by war-wearied allied democracies, influenced by the preponderating material force of the United States of America. No sane European ever thought of an armistice as being the way to finish a war. In warfare, as in peace, there is a just measure. It was a complete failure of comprehension of this just measure which prevented allied forces on the crest of victory from becoming the vanquishers. The war should have been carried into Germany and the German people brought face to face with the reality of the frightfulness they invoked.

Humanitarianism? The same humanitarianism which saved American soldiers in 1918 caused "gas" to be entirely neglected in British Army Field Regulations in 1925. This same humanitarianism turns our British people into paupers, and crushes all liberty or freedom of leadership.

There is no humanitarianism in such a creed. There is only the insane spirit of modern democracy bereft of religion and aristocracy; which prefers that Germany should not be vanquished because it might—ruin Indian trade; which thinks more of a combination of German coal with French iron than of any combination of truth with honour; a democracy which prefers gold and luxury to justice and duty.

During the armistice period the Allies gave way to what is termed Wilsonian idealism. Every town in

France had its beloved Rue President Wilson and its Avenue des Etats Unis. Every villager in England waved an American stars and stripes and snored fitfully in a dream of peaceful Lubberland. Were we not all "fed up" with a war prolonged by American sandbags?

The Allies suffered a rude shock when they discovered that the tutelary American angel—after manufacturing some new nations—had brusquely retired beyond the Atlantic billows and left the League of Nations and her whilom associates to flounder in the usual European mud. The angel had no wing power or, perhaps, the dihedral angle was non-existent in the lower planes—or was it the Western Plains?

The American Government repudiated the Treaty of Versailles, with all its Wilsonian idealism, and straightway sought to collect any material benefits which it "guessed" might still be derived from suffering Europe.

Pass the hat for your credit's sake
And pay! pay! pay!

National credit depends on national character? Not in triumphant democracy.

Admitted that we owe these United States some dollars, what does she owe us for our million dead in France, Flanders and elsewhere? Opinion, squeaking with its narrow, democratic, lisping voice, will tell the inquirer that that question is dead and buried. Opinion such as that is only error in the making, and has no right to stifle justice which is not asleep by the Menin Gate or at Beaumont Hamel under the ægis of an emblematic Newfoundland caribou. Justice, which values one company of the glorious 51st Division more than any Madame Tussaud collection of American uniforms, magnetos, beef, or dog biscuits. No French nation can wantonly agree with any congeries of United States that her dead have no value to herself and civilization, that her last great fight ended in a huge American army wiping out the Germans on the Riviera and the Loire, and that the only echo of Verdun rolling through the ages is -dun! -dun! -dun!

For four long years we fought a war against Germany and her satellites. Was this great war fought for no reason? Did the noblest part of our aristocracy and religion perish in sodden fields or ocean depths only as

food for worms and sharks? Was this a holocaust offered to Mammon and all the gods of materialism? Was it not a sacrifice offered freely in defence of civilization against the German devils called Nietzsche and Karl Marx?

No sooner has an armistice been signed than our European moles, loathsomely smitten by German logic, reappear from their subterranean depths and proceed to infect mankind with the *verboten* disease. They proclaim again the rights of man as consecrated by an insane German professor of supremest wisdom and a bookworm fomenter of intrigues and hair-splitting economic, political, mechanical theories without God or any soul of leadership. Our conscientious objectors and humbugs of mobocracy preach from every street corner and into every democratic microphone. Leagues of Nations? Empires? Let us enshrine mobocratic tyranny. With a universal *verboten* let us strangle human liberty.

"Do I advise thee to love thy neighbour as thyself? Rather do I bid thee flee thy neighbour and love that which is afar off." "Strength is the supreme wisdom, weakness is the supreme vice." What a quackery is contained in this chaos of blasphemy called "Zarathustra." Plain folk find nothing but Kaiserism, blood and iron, and *verboten* in this German maniac. Our Liberals, Socialists, Communists, or whatever they label themselves, find state, gold and labour, and freedom. Swallowing this Karl Marx at one mouthful, as the whale swallowed Jonah, they propose land nationalization, mineral nationalization, timber nationalization and every other sort of nationalization. Eventually they will present us with a Bill for the nationalization of fishes—unless the whale rebels.

Plutocracy and economic theory sicken us unto death with their counting-house methods of what they call "reparations." Where is religion? Where is aristocracy?

This American colossus which imagines it bestrides the world with feet of gold is rapidly losing credit in the minds of thinking Europeans. In the capitals of Europe these feet are now found to be wretched clay. Colossus? Say rather Achilles embarrassed with a pair of golden clogs.

ACHILLES WITH THE GOLDEN CLOGS

No living polity can shut itself up in a Dewan-i-Khas and blind its eyes to the fighting going on in the elephant pit below. No allied nation during the late war thought of extirpating German nationals, men, women, and children. No civilized nation in time of peace should dream of crushing other nations with a pair of golden clogs. In war, as in peace, there is a certain measure. It is ominous that it has been left to the leading example of triumphant democracy to shovel the gold into the goldsmith's shop and organize the manufacture of these rare golden clogs, with all the Tayloristic acumen of Birmingham, Alabama. Has this triumphant democracy no religion or no leadership which would tell it that the proud device of measure is the old Scottish motto: "*Nemo me impune lacessit*"?

That small farmer in Touraine, who no longer has five sons to help him with his hay and his vines. He who breaks his back hilling up beans under a murderous sun on a chalky, measly patch of ground which a Western American farmer would use as a dump for empty vegetable cans. This farmer on *mi-fruits*, *métayage*, or as proprietor, who laments the loss of his children. Think you he is going to allow himself to be taxed to death in order to add his quota to the vaults of federal reserve banks in the United States of America?

This manufacturer in Birmingham, England, who fired a shot against *verboten* at Messines Ridge. This British manufacturer who struggles to carry on his business in a wilderness of taxes, plutocrats, German logic—anything but vision of Empire. Is he going to carry on indefinitely in face of the demands of these yawning vaults of American gold reserves?

Achilles would like to know something of the national resources and the national characters of European peoples? Does he go and pray in Rheims Cathedral, or search the archives of the Bodleian or Bibliothéque Nationale for the relics of English or French aristocracy? No; he demands to know the costs of production in each European country. With his customary aristocratic courtesy and religious grace he calls on every nation to present a balance sheet.

Would it not be more in accordance with the fitness of things if this Achilles and his golden clogs were taken in hand by some angelic Thomas Cook and spiritually

conducted over European battlefields? Would it not be better if he studied his Monroe doctrine of isolation and meditated on the possibilities of Mexico, Guadeloupe, Watling Island, or the country of Evangeline as bases for mosquito squadrons of European aeroplanes?

Can this isolated Achilles not get rid of his clogs gracefully and courteously? Is he going to have eternal hot-air debates with himself as to whether his size in footwear is number twelve, number nine, number two, or some mythical zodiacal number? Perhaps he may be preparing his horoscope, but still we have it on American authority that "hot air can float a balloon, but it cannot keep it up a long time." The more we study this beclogged, bewildered Yankee Achilles, the more we are inclined to wonder whether he is not some unhappy Paris:

So finely form'd and only to deceive.

Europeans have begun to have a profound distrust of American hustle in the settlement of European affairs. Most of the settlement so far has settled nothing, but is comparable to that Eden settlement inhabited for a short time by Martin Chuzzlewit. If the Americans wish to collect what they think is still owing to them, they ought not to go about it as though they were scaling logs in the tall timber with a stick of their own manufacture. If they want to act a play in the manner of Uriah Heep, let them at least not forget that that gentle person was the "'umblest of the 'umble." Then the European peoples may lightly suggest that "Barkis is willin'."

Instead of following Nietzschean advice to "love that which is afar off" and Marxian advice to form a world proletariat, would Britain not be a saner, happier nation if she concentrated on her Empire and made it a first principle to release aristocracy and religion from the *puit perdu* of mobocracy into which democracy has siphoned them? We are everlastingly bombarded with tales of the proletariat in fetters and waiting to be free. Is there anything more in fetters today than the older principles of religion and aristocracy?

It is a misguided sparkling performer on the Marxian tight-rope who tells us that "every Englishman loves and desires a pedigree. And in that he is right."* It was one of the Nietzschean "scourges of diseased

* G. B. Shaw's "Revolutionists' Handbook."

humanity" who pronounced—as the result of hard experience and mature reflection on the Isle of Elba—that the strength of England lay in her aristocracy. The man of destiny was only destined to try to undo what the eighteenth-century French Nietzsches and French Marxes had done. He failed, through no fault of his own, but simply because he was the man of destiny. Are we going to allow German Nietzsches and Karl Marxes to fasten another man of destiny on our British nation?

In this British Empire we have several millions of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Buddhists to whom religion is still a living force. But in the British Isles and Dominions where do we find any living, quickening spirit of Christianity? Where is the Christian spirit of obedience and service? Where are our Latimers, John Knoxes, Father Lacombes, and General Gordons? Is our Empire only to become a sink of cotton factories, iron foundries, coal mines, wheat fields, and sheep runs under some Marxian-Nietzschean deity?

Christianity is not a moribund ecclesiastical state of bishops, parsons, ministers, and regular church services. It should be a living estate of the realm speaking and acting to and for living humanity, through Christ and God. It is not a cap of maintenance for some sad-faced jester of mobocracy; it should be the cap of maintenance for any cheerful, soulful, forceful Imperial race.

What do we do with Christianity? Banish it from our Imperial state councils and rear a race of lawyers, politicians and plutocrats, instead of scientists, statesmen and industrialists? Banish it from our Imperial schools and rear a race of typists, government clerks and supermen, instead of farmers, skilled craftsmen and human beings? We have no use for "scourges of diseased humanity" in Britain or the British Empire, but the oyster shell containing the democratic sentence on Christianity should go back into the shallow ocean depths whence it came.

Our British Achilles has no need to sulk in his tent and muse on the charms of some ignoble Briseis. Let him sturdily defend his vulnerable heel with his shield of King, Church, Lords and Commons; and let him storm the very gates of hell for that noble Helen of supremest wisdom and primeval love, captive in the Trojan city called the British Empire.

German Ex-Service Men and Peace

By Lieut.-Col. George Crosfield
(Chairman of the British Legion)

In Germany, as in all other countries which took part in the war, ex-service men have organized in order to perpetuate the comradeship of the front line. But instead of concentrating their efforts in one main organization as we have done, German ex-service men have grouped themselves into several, of which the following are the principal: The "Reichsbanner"—claiming a membership of 3½ millions, of which probably 2 millions are ex-service men and the remainder their sons—supports the Republic and is exceptionally influential. The Jungdeutscher Orden—whose numbers are kept secret, but are probably not less than half a million—includes both Monarchists and Republicans, and was founded on the Teutonic Knights by Herr Mahraun as a follow-on to his successful efforts in putting down Communism after the war was over. Then there are two organizations at either end of the political scale: the Stahlhelm (Steel Helmet), attached to the diehard element of the community, and the "red-flaggers," attached to the Communist Party. The list would not be complete without adding the German Officers' Association, the Kriegsverein or War Union, a relic of 1871, the Reichsbundes der Kriegsbeschädigten or Disabled Society, and the German Prisoners of War Organization. This fairly comprehensive list meets the varying predilections of the German ex-service man who, true to type, hates to be left unlabelled.

Allied ex-service men, grouped in the Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants (FIDAC), have for some considerable time wished to get into touch with late enemy ex-service organizations in order to test their sincerity in the cause of peace and to find out how far it might be possible to co-operate with them in the future. In Fidac are grouped the British and American Legions, the main French Associations, the Italian

Combattenti, the Udruzenja of Yugo-Slavia, and all the ex-service men's organizations in Belgium, Poland, and Roumania. Czechoslovakia is represented, but not with organizations possessing any influence.

It is obvious that with such a far-flung line the advance to make contact with late enemies could not be rushed. But, thanks to the steady insistence of the British Legion, Fidac eventually convened an international conference of ex-service men which took place at Luxembourg on July 9 last. Hither came representatives of virtually all the allied ex-service organizations. Germany sent the chairman of the "Reichsbanner," Herr Crohn; an observer from the Jungdeutsche, and delegates from the two Disabled Societies and the Prisoners of War Association. Austria was represented by Herr Brandeisz, head of the influential Austrian Invaliden.

Proceedings opened most auspiciously. M. Marcel Héraud, the brilliant chairman of Fidac, greeted the delegates in a few simple and sincere words. He began by saying that the Inter-allied Federation of Ex-Service Men rejoiced in this opportunity of demonstrating the pacific sentiments with which they were animated by meeting in conference representatives of Central European ex-service organizations. After alluding to the work already accomplished by Fidac in the cause of peace, he went on to say: "We believe that relations between the peoples of the world should be founded on justice and that treaties must be faithfully observed. . . . What an influence for good it will be if we can all say that, in so far as it depends upon us, we will work together to prevent our children from going through the same sufferings as our generation has gone through . . . and if we can so work together we shall not only be helping the living, but shall have remained faithful to the memory of our dead." To this speech of welcome Herr Paul Crohn, chairman of the "Reichsbanner," replied in French: "The 'Reichsbanner,' representing Republican ex-service men, thanks Fidac for its invitation to this conference . . . the sacrifices of the Great War can only have a real meaning if their result is to kill all idea of future wars and to give victory to the idea of peace. Economically we are mutually dependent, and that is

why the ex-service men of yesterday must become the collaborators of tomorrow, and must strive to smooth away misunderstandings which still persist between peoples. We can only accomplish this task if we respect each other and our individual rights and liberties. We German Republicans, in conformity with the Weimar Constitution, desire that Germany shall live at peace with the entire world and that this peace should in time develop into friendship."

These two speeches produced an excellent atmosphere. The conference broke up into committees, of which naturally by far the most important was the one dealing with foreign relations. In order to hold the balance even, it was arranged that the late enemies and the Allies should respectively appoint a chairman who would preside at alternate sessions. Herr Crohn was nominated by the former, and General Spears of the British Legion delegation by the latter. At this committee, proceedings were characterized by great frankness of speech. The Germans began by saying that, as long as German territory was occupied by the Allies, public opinion in their country was bound to remain inflamed and excited; that the continued occupation was a sign of mistrust, and mistrust bred hatred. To this M. Cassin, representative of the French ex-service men at Geneva, replied by referring in moving terms to the continued hardships under which his countrymen were living in the devastated areas. Germany had no such areas, and as long as there were French men, women, and children who had to exist in hovels penetrated by the rain in summer and by the snow in winter, causing death and disease, it was politically impossible in France to talk of evacuation.

Herr Brandeisz urged the joining of Austria with Germany, and said that the Austrian influence would weaken, not strengthen, German Imperialism. Italy said that under no conditions would she agree to the Anschluss. The Polish delegate declared that the continued occupation of German territory was a guarantee not only to France that the treaty conditions would be fulfilled, but to the other Allies as well, with special reference to Poland towards portions of which Germany was aggressively outspoken.

Finally, a resolution in the following terms was drawn up in French :

Bearing in mind that the task of ex-service men is to enlighten posterity by all means in their power upon the horrors of war and to avoid its recurrence, an International Conference of Ex-Service Men was convened at Luxembourg, July 9–10, 1927, and consisted of ex-service organizations of the countries which fought in the 1914–18 war on both sides. These organizations affirmed their loyalty to their respective countries and their freedom from party politics. The conference declared that international relationship must be based upon the respect of treaties.

. . . . . .

As a result of its deliberations this conference requests all organizations which share the same views to keep in close contact one with the other so as to keep themselves informed upon any incidents which might disturb public opinion, and generally to study in common those problems which, if neglected, might develop from misunderstandings into the most serious consequences.

It considers that it is desirable that an international bureau should be set up, under the direction of ex-service men. The duty of this bureau would be to keep itself so informed as to be in a position to rectify in the shortest possible time misleading and tendentious news which, if left uncorrected, might inflame public opinion. The bureau should employ the most modern methods of transmitting news.

The conference invites ex-service men who have given proof of their devotion to duty and their love of country to teach the rising generation that he who loves his country ought to apply himself to the maintenance of honourable peace between nations.

The conference resolved to send this resolution to each of its respective governments.

The conference was reassembled and the above resolution, read out in French, English, and German, was carried with acclamation. Everyone felt that here at last the men who had fought on both sides had made a considerable contribution towards the development of international peace and goodwill. Hardly, however, had the applause died away when an Alsatian delegate, well versed in the German language, jumped up excitedly and exclaimed : "Mr. Chairman, the German translation is false. They have left out the vital word 'respect' in the line 'respect of treaties.'" And so they had ! I imagined that, once this was pointed out, it would be put right. Not so ! It became evident that the Germans had purposely repressed the word "achtung" which Crohn had put in the original draft. The Jungedeutsche observer, Herr Abel, representing German conservative

views had, I think, undoubtedly influenced his colleagues, urging upon them the impossibility of returning to Germany with an agreement to respect the much-hated Versailles Treaty. For six long, and to me anxious, hours we fought over this word "respect." To say that the atmosphere was electric is to put it mildly. One or two of the French delegates got dangerously excited and one feared incidents. The Germans tried every other possible formula in order to meet the views of the Allies. They were willing to accept all other treaties in future, but not the one they were forced into signing. Eventually Colonel Lindsley, of the American Legion, cleared the air by letting the Germans know that the American ex-service men stood shoulder to shoulder with their European Allies on this point of respect for all treaties. As leader of the British delegation, I likewise laid it down plainly and definitely that, much as the Legion might desire to co-operate with German ex-service men in the cause of peace, we could have nothing whatsoever to do with them so long as they refused to respect all treaties, including that of Versailles; that we had no objection to its being modified to any extent, providing that the modification was carried out by constitutional methods; but that it must be respected. Thereupon, owing undoubtedly to the strong support given by the British and American Legion to the other allied organizations, the Germans capitulated and the word "respect" was faithfully translated into the German resolution.

Thus ended what it is no exaggeration to call an historic meeting. The evasiveness displayed by the Germans certainly produced a bad impression upon all the allied representatives. Nevertheless, the conference has been beneficial in more ways than one, for it has made clear the attitude of mind of the moderate German ex-service man on the Versailles Treaty; it has shown him on the other hand, that the allied ex-service men stand solid together in their determination not to have any further scraps of paper; and finally it has, for the first time in a truly representative manner, brought into contact allied and late enemy ex-service organizations. This contact will be maintained and will, I feel sure, make in the long run for mutual understanding and goodwill.

British Communism and its Leaders

By a Trade Unionist

PERHAPS the greatest political post-war phenomenon is the rise of the British Communist Party. Although there was a Socialist movement in Britain before the war, a movement that was rapidly increasing its membership and growing in influence, there was no party then in existence in any way analogous to the Communist Party of today. The several Socialist bodies pinned their faith to constitutional methods, and contented themselves with propagating the theories of Socialism rather than attempting to put them into effect. Indeed, that curious organization known as the Socialist Party of Great Britain still declares that nothing whatever can be done for the people until the vast majority have been converted to the political beliefs postulated by that party.

The most important Socialist parties in pre-war days were the British Socialist Party, the Independent Labour Party, and the Socialist Labour Party. The B.S.P. and the I.L.P., whilst advocating trade unionism, were purely political parties. They declared that industrial organization was of secondary importance, and the main thing was to capture the political machine by securing the election of Socialists to Parliament and all municipal bodies. The Socialist Labour Party, however, whilst urging the necessity of political action, paid far more attention to industrial organization—not trade unionism—industrial unionism. The headquarters of the S.L.P. were in Glasgow, the Clyde area being its stronghold, and, as will be shown, the leaders of the Communist Party were formerly members of the Socialist Labour Party. It should here be noted that when Mr. Tom Mann returned from America in 1910, he at once became identified with the Syndicalist movement. It may be remembered that he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for issuing a "Don't Shoot" leaflet. About this period several attempts were made to inaugurate a "direct action" movement, all of which were abortive.

The outbreak of war had a devastating effect upon

European Socialism—it was split from top to bottom. In this country, the British Socialist Party, with headquarters in Maiden Lane, W.C., soon became a party of warring factions, Nationalist and Internationalist. The Nationalist section eventually seceded, taking with them *Justice*, the official organ, leaving the anti-war section in full possession of the offices and organization. A new organ, the *Call*, definitely anti-war in outlook, was quickly launched under the editorship of Mr. Ernest C. Fairchild.

Early on in the war, it will be recalled, the Labour Party and the trade unions decided not in any way to impede the Government of the day in the successful prosecution of its task, but the industrial unionists ceaselessly pursued their propaganda in the munition factories. A committee known as the Metal, Engineering, and Shipbuilding Amalgamation Committee, which had locals established in most industrial towns, was particularly active, and the locals became the centres of anti-war activity. Shop stewards' committees were set up in all big factories, and in 1915 the Clyde Workers' Committee sprang into being, to be quickly followed by the formation of similar committees in Manchester, London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and elsewhere. Prominent in the Clyde Workers' Committee were the late Mr. Arthur Macmanus, Mr. W. Gallacher, and Mr. Tom Bell, all leaders of the Communist Party, and Mr. David Kirkwood, M.P., and Mr. Neil Maclean, M.P., who was recently expelled from the Govan I.L.P. for the alleged offence of overdrawing fees and expenses from the Workers' Union, of which he was an executive member.

It is curious how circumstances will often put people, previously members of the same movement, into different camps. The five men mentioned were working together right up till the general election of 1918, and it is tolerably certain that, had they not been elected to Parliament, both Mr. Maclean and Mr. Kirkwood would now be prominent members of the Communist Party, and, by the same token, had Messrs. Gallacher and Bell been made members of Parliament, they would now be in the ranks of the Labour Party, which they never tire of abusing.

The Shop Stewards' and Workers' Committee movements became such a powerful force in industry that they were able, in May 1917, to bring the munitions industry to a complete standstill for ten days, for which several of the leaders were punished by imprisonment.

The Russian Bolshevik Revolution of October 1917 was hailed with joy by the shop stewards, who at once began an intensive campaign in support of the Soviet Government, and of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." Secret meetings were frequently held with couriers from Russia, who had entered this country as seamen and traders, in order to disseminate information respecting the progress of Bolshevism, and, in spite of the vigilance of Scotland Yard, revolutionary literature was widely circulated throughout the country.

In June 1918, the "People's Russian Information Bureau" was formed by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, assisted by Mr. S. Saklatvala, M.P., and a few months afterwards the "Hands Off Russia Committee" was set up under the auspices of the London Workers' Committee. All the present leaders of the Communist Party were closely connected with these movements.

It may be here said that the various Socialist bodies and workers' committees were pressing the Bolshevik Government to send them money, and probably the first "Russian gold" to be used for propaganda purposes in Britain was a £100 note handed to a London revolutionary in December 1918 by the wife of a high Soviet official.

The first congress of the Communist or Third International was held in Moscow in 1919, the British Socialist Party being represented by Mr. Thomas Quelch and Mr. W. McLaine, and the Independent Labour Party by Mr. Clifford Allen. This congress urged all countries to take immediate steps to form a united party, definitely communist in aim and object, based upon the dictatorship of the proletariat. An agitation was begun in England, with the result that, in August 1920, an "all-in" conference was held in the Cannon Street Hotel, London, at which all sections of the Socialist movement were represented, including the British Socialist Party, the Social Democratic Party, the Socialist Labour Party,

the Independent Labour Party, and the various shop stewards' and workers' committees. Mr. Arthur Macmanus presided, Mr. Albert Inkpin acted as secretary, and among those present were Mr. W. Mellor (now editor of the *Daily Herald*), Mr. J. T. Walton Newbold, ex-Communist M.P. for Motherwell, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, and Mr. Saklatvala.

The debate raged round the question of adherence to the Third International, which involved the advocacy of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The leaders of the B.S.P., the S.L.P., and the shop stewards were all for adopting the full Moscow programme, but the other delegates, whilst tacitly supporting the Soviet Government, were opposed to their methods. However, as a result of the conference, the Communist Party of Great Britain and Ireland, made up of the B.S.P., the bulk of the S.L.P., and the principal shop stewards, was established, the other organizations retaining their separate entity. The new party immediately became affiliated to the Third International, and numerous emissaries were dispatched to Russia to solicit moral and financial support. The Government of the day refused passports to known Socialists and Communists, but this did not deter many. Some went across as stowaways, many were smuggled over by Russian seamen, some worked their passage, others secured passports to other European countries, proceeding thence to Russia. It was in this way that Mr. George Lansbury, then editor of the *Daily Herald*, who, although not actually a member of the party, has been, until recently, sympathetic towards Communism, first visited Russia. Soon after Mr. Lansbury's return, the Bolsheviks offered the *Daily Herald*, then in a bad financial position, £75,000, which was declined, for diplomatic reasons, by the board of management. The question who actually handled this money is still shrouded in mystery. It is known that Mr. Francis Meynell, a son of Alice Meynell, the gifted poetess, who had become a Communist, visited the Continent, accompanied by his wife, ostensibly for business purposes. The authorities were suspicious and whilst in Paris Mr. Meynell was visited at his hotel and subjected to a search. As nothing incriminating was found, Mr. and

Mrs. Meynell were allowed to continue their journey home; but upon reaching London, Mr. Meynell was interviewed by an evening newspaper, to whom he related an incredible story about Russian jewels being concealed in chocolates he had hurriedly purchased for his wife!

One thing is certain—a very large sum of money found its way into the coffers of the Communist Party. Mr. Meynell became the editor of the *Communist* (the *Call* had changed its title by then) at a pretty good salary (£12 per week), and the party executive allowed themselves from £8 to £12 per week. For this they were severely censured at the Manchester Party Conference in the following year, which limited all salaries to £6 per week. The leaders of the organized unemployed, formed in the winter of 1920, appeared resplendent in new suits with well-lined pockets. It must here be emphasized that, despite the denials of the Communists, both the organized unemployed movement and the Red International of Labour Unions (now the Minority Movement) are dominated by the Communist Party, and, although it is doubtful whether they get much money from Moscow now, were subsidized by the Bolsheviks. Funds at that time were plentiful, and the leaders were quite prosperous. So much for the history of the party. Now let us examine its immediate aims and objects.

The Communist objective can be stated in a few words, taken from the official report of the third congress of the Communist International, held in Moscow in July 1921.

> The new international labour organization is established for the purpose of organizing united action of the world proletariat, aspiring towards the same goal—the overthrow of capitalism, the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat, and of an International Soviet Republic, for the complete elimination of classes and the realization of Socialism as the first step toward the Communist Commonwealth.

The Communist Party have no time for democracy. Indeed, they openly avow that their object is to create mass psychology by seizing upon any industrial situation and endeavouring to divert it into a revolutionary situation. At the same time they pose as true blue democrats in order to secure the votes of the workers.

Naturally, such tactics did not commend themselves to the orthodox trade union leaders; and, recognizing this,

the Communist International, in the first year of its existence, called upon all parties affiliated to it, to fight "the reactionary trade union democracy from within, in order to transform the trade unions into revolutionary mass organizations of the proletariat."

Ironically enough, Mr. Andreiev, chairman of the Russian Railwaymen's Union, declared in 1925 that the Russian trade union leaders had lost all contact with the working masses, and in the same year the General Council of Russian Trade Unions "noted a tendency among officials to lose contact with the workers, to develop a bureaucratic psychology, to act only on orders from above, and to become authoritative and arbitrary in their methods." It is interesting to know that bureaucratic tendencies are not confined to non-Communist officials.

The British Communist Party endeavours to work from within existing working-class organizations. Cells, factions, and nuclei are either established or in course of formation in almost every trade union branch and district committee, trade council, labour party, and co-operative society. "Should the pressure of the party in the trade unions and the Press be not strong enough," says the Communist International, "it will become the duty of the Communist Party to endeavour to lead the masses into the struggle. It must not rest content with propaganda. In the period of world revolution, its rôle consists of attacking and storming the strongholds of capitalist society. Its duty consists of transforming every defensive into an offensive against capitalist society. Wherever possible, the C.P. should do its utmost to assume leadership of the working masses in such attacks." It will be duly noted that the language is couched in military terms; these are characteristic of all Communist literature, and fully developed in the following passage:

> Strong ferment in the ranks of the more important and reliable workers would justify the party to assume leadership of the offensive against a capitalist Government on a wide front. . . . In the struggle of the proletariat against the capitalist offensive it is the duty of Communists not only to take the advanced posts and lead those engaged in the struggle to a complete understanding of the fundamental revolutionary tasks, but it is also their duty, relying upon the best and most active elements of the workers, to create their own legions and militant organizations, which will resist the pacifists and teach the

"golden youth" of the bourgeoisie a wholesome lesson that will get them out of the strike-breaking habit. In view of the extraordinary importance of the counter-revolutionary shock troops, the Communist Party must, through its nuclei in the unions, devote special attention to this question, it must organize a thorough-going educational and communicational service which shall keep under constant observation the militant forces and organs of the (capitalist) enemy, his headquarters, his arsenal; the connection between these headquarters and the police, the Press, and the political parties; and work out all the necessary details of defence and counter-attack.

In a recently published book, "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," by René Fülöp-Miller, there are quotations from the work of the official Bolshevik poet, Bednyi, of whom Trotsky said: "The Revolution is for him not material for poetry, but the supreme authority which has placed him at his post. There is nothing of the dilettante in his rage and hate; he hates with the well-weighed hate of the revolutionary party of the world," of which the following is a typical verse:

> Strike them all dead, the malefactors,
> All those who have stolen our bread!
> Ye workers, now smash to pulp
> With your fists that phantom, God!

Another official poet, Maiakovski, says:

> Steam, compressed air, electricity!!
> As for the alms-givers, the naval gazers,
> Let the axe dance over their bald pates!
> Slay! Slay!
> Bravo: and skulls are good for ash trays.

Not quite the kind of verse one would teach one's children to recite at a party, but it is indicative of the psychology of Bolshevism, and additional proof that the Communist Party is opposed to pacifism, and believes in revolution by force. A glimpse at the party organization is not uninteresting. Discipline, or dictatorship, is the prevailing note. Each member is allocated to a group, commission, fraction, or nucleus. All are obliged to attend general meetings and faithfully report the activities of the particular labour body with which they are connected. No member can act except under instructions from headquarters, issued to all members, as to what action they shall take in the trade union and labour movement. Communists are selected to contest every

office in the unions, and the candidates' names with instructions to support are sent to the members. In short, the leaders have set up a dictatorship of their own, and woe betide any member who neglects to obey them. Their interpretation of the dictatorship of the proletariat is the dictatorship of a few bureaucratic leaders. The amusing part about it all is the parrot cry of the Communists that the present trade union leaders have bureaucratic tendencies! Here is a pregnant quotation from an official secret report on propaganda and agitation:

> In the struggle against the social democratic and other petty bourgeois trade union leaders, as well as against the leaders of the various labour parties, one cannot hope to achieve much by persuasion. The struggle against them should be conducted in the most energetic fashion, and the best way to do that is by depriving them of their following, showing up to the workers the true character of these treacherous Socialist leaders who are only playing into the hands of capitalism. The Communists should endeavour to unmask these so-called leaders, and subsequently attack them in the most energetic fashion.

The Communist Party obeyed this injunction with alacrity. During the miners' dispute of 1921 the union officials were vigorously assailed, Mr. J. H. Thomas being specially singled out for attack. The Rt. Hon. member for Derby instituted proceedings for libel in the High Courts, and, with customary consistency, the bold Communists flew to a "capitalist" lawyer for help. After a rather lengthy hearing, Mr. Thomas secured the verdict and was awarded £2,000 damages, which finished Mr. Francis Meynell's connection with the *Communist*. He resumed his former profession of designer, and is now connected with the "Nonesuch Press."

The Communists have continued their policy of vituperative abuse of all leaders. Before the strike of last year, Messrs. George Hicks, A. A. Purcell, A. B. Swales, J. Bromley, and Robert Smillie, all members of the General Council, T.U.C., were regarded as real 100 per cent. leaders. Now they are petty bourgeois traitors who must be slung out of office to make room for Communists. No matter what the present leaders do, don't attempt to persuade by reasoned argument; abuse, vilify and calumniate them. It is all so utterly stupid, but, like all foolish things, not without danger. It creates schisms

amongst the unions and militates against harmony and progress, which is doubtless what the Communists want.

It is a tenet of the Communist Party that the proletariat must be armed in preparation for the coming "revolutionary battles." Says the Communist International:

> The methods of propaganda in the armies and navies of capitalist States must be adaptable to the peculiar conditions in each country. Anti-militarist agitation of a pacifist nature is extremely detrimental, and only assists the bourgeoisie in its efforts to disarm the proletariat. The proletariat rejects on principle and combats with the utmost energy every kind of military institution in the bourgeois State, and of the bourgeois class in general. Nevertheless, it utilizes these institutions (army, rifle clubs, citizen guards' organizations, etc.) for the purpose of giving the workers military training for the revolutionary battles to come. Intensive agitation must, therefore, be directed, not against military training of the youth and the workers, but against the military regime and the domination of the officers. Every possibility of providing the workers with weapons should be most eagerly taken advantage of.

Comment appears to be quite superfluous!

Let us now discuss the Communist leaders. What types of men are the self-appointed generals who are going to lead the workers in the "revolutionary battles" to come? Are they men of outstanding ability? Do they possess the requisite courage? Are they calculated to make better leaders than those at present directing the Labour movement?

That some of them possess ability cannot be disputed. They are able to speak and possess a fair knowledge of economics. To deliver a sustained speech for four or five hours in the dock at the Old Bailey—as three of them did in 1925—is no mean achievement for men who have received only an elementary education, but fluency of speech and knowledge of economics are not the only attributes of statesmanship. Like other parties, Communism has its "intelligentsia." Messrs. R. Palme Dutt, R. W. Postgate, R. Page Arnott, T. H. Wintringham, and others—all of whom, by the way, spring from the hated bourgeois class—are doubtless clever and cultured. They can write and speak learnedly on economics, history, and international affairs, but one questions their ability to lead, at least better than the present leaders.

Mr. Harry Pollitt, general secretary of the Minority

Movement, and a member of the Communist Executive, is a boilermaker. He is quite a genial fellow, a good speaker, and an enthusiastic propagandist, but he is the last person in the world one would invest with leadership. He simply does not possess the ability to lead. Already he has served a term of imprisonment, and is now before the Courts charged with alleged criminal libel. Mr. William Gallacher, another prominent leader, has been in prison four times. He is a bonny fighter with an incisive manner, but he sadly lacks coherence and consistency. Messrs. Tom Bell and J. T. Murphy are of the studious type, fond of impressing others with their profound knowledge of Marxian economics. One suspects they are obsessed with the idea that they are destined to be the British "Lenin." Mr. W. Hannington, leader of the organized unemployed, is an engineer, a member of the A.E.U., and on the Communist Executive. Although he has not worked at his trade for five or six years, he appears to be quite prosperous. He is quite a mediocrity, although he would be the last man in the world to admit it. He has lately been manifesting a keen desire to get back to work, which must not be regarded as an overweening desire to become a useful citizen. The fact of the matter is that there is to be an election for all officials in the A.E.U. next year, and one of the conditions of candidature is that the candidate must have worked at the trade twelve months prior to nomination, and Mr. Hannington wishes to contest one of the positions. Mr. A. H. Hawkins, business manager of the *Sunday Worker*, was an airman during the war. He is one of those men who are determined to get a soft living without working; somewhere, somehow, and for some unknown reason he secured his present position. Mr. J. J. Vaughan, ex-Mayor of Bethnal Green, is an electrician, although it is many a year since he handled a wire. He is an executive member of the Communist Party. A fairly good speaker with some knowledge of economics and local government, Joe Vaughan, as he is usually known, has a big following in the East End. Mr. William Rust, leader of the Young Communist League, was a clerk in the offices of the *Daily Sketch*, until he was discharged for his activities. At a recent

Young Communist conference, Mr. Rust, who presided, stated that the trade union leaders were wobblers, and that even Mr. A. J. Cook wobbled at times. Mr. Rust, of course, never wobbles. Mr. W. Paul is the editor of the *Sunday Worker*. At one time he was connected with a chain of cheap drapery shops in the Midlands, although he originally came from the Clyde. Mr. Paul likes to persuade himself that he is cultured, and he writes the musical notes for his paper. He went to Russia a few years ago to study their educational system. It is said that he is trying to provide his children with a college education, which is rather strange, since Communists aver that the colleges are capitalist institutions where only capitalist ethics and economics are taught.

Such are some of the leaders of the Communist Party, mediocrities every one of them, with no ability other than that of an ordinary workman. For one thing, they quite fail to understand the psychology of the workers, otherwise they would know that dictatorship of any sort is distasteful to them, and that revolution is foreign to their temperament. Since the strike of last year the Communists have been abusing the General Council and all other Labour leaders for calling off the strike when they did, on the ground that, had it continued for another few days, industry would have been completely crippled, a revolutionary situation would have arisen, and the Government would have been forced to abdicate, leaving the Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party to carry on the affairs of the nation. In that case, the Communist leaders would probably have had an opportunity of leading the proletariat into revolutionary battle. These hypothetical deductions presuppose the existence of a revolutionary proletariat anxious to wage war on the present system and rulers. This did not exist, as any casual observer was well aware. If the response of the rank and file to the call of the leaders exceeded most people's expectations, it is now common knowledge that, within a couple of days, the mass of the workers were anxious to get back to work under almost any conditions. Without commenting on the way the General Council handled a very difficult situation, one can say with assurance that, had the Communists secured control, they would

have made a ghastly mess of it. Assuming for purposes of argument that the strike had developed into a revolutionary situation, would the Communist leaders have been competent to lead the people successfully out of that situation? Hardly. Chaos would have reigned supreme, and one fears to contemplate the awful consequences.

Successful leadership entails the possession of courage, and it would not be true to say that the Communist leaders are gifted with that admirable quality. On the contrary, they appear to be opposed to doing anything which might endanger their persons, while they have no objection to others taking risks. And this despite the fact that Moscow has laid it down that they should lead the workers into battle. The writer recalls an unemployed demonstration during the stormy period when the leaders were trying to "capture" Trafalgar Square for the purpose of holding a meeting at a time when, owing to the traffic, it was not considered safe. When the demonstration reached the top of Kingsway the police informed the marshal that it must be diverted to the right, towards Holborn Viaduct. The official marshal agreed, but the Communists deliberately took charge and turned the procession towards the square. A fracas occurred in Shaftesbury Avenue, and several unfortunate workers were batoned. As soon as the trouble happened, the bold, brave Communists dived into a teashop, where they remained until it was all over. One wonders whether they were using the unemployed as "shock troops."

It is rather difficult to understand why Communists engage lawyers when they get into trouble. According to their philosophy all lawyers are hirelings of the capitalist class, and certainly not trustworthy. Mr. William Paul was recently tried for criminal libel for stating in the *Sunday Worker* that the cells at Pentonville Prison were filthy, and "third degree" methods were adopted by the police. Only a lamentably ignorant man would have made such a statement, and Mr. Paul was fined £100; the fact that he abjectly apologized did not help him very much. The paper is now appealing for funds to pay the fine and lawyers' fees.

The writer has had ample opportunity for studying

the Communists. On committee they are simply hopeless. Bereft of the powers of reasoning, they are obstructionists of the worst type, a real danger to the trade union movement. Not the least menacing factor is that some of the very worst types of men have arrayed themselves under the Communist banner; men who have no intention of working and who are prepared to stir up trouble anywhere on any conceivable occasion. Even their Russian comrades have been compelled to complain about the drunkards, wastrels, and slackers in the British Communist Party.

To sum up, Communism clearly and definitely stands for waging the class war incessantly. It has no regard for democracy and no respect for established trade unions or the Labour Party. In pursuance of their propaganda the Communists blackguard and abuse all Labour leaders. They create dissension in the rank and file. They are a nuisance to everybody. The leaders are far from able; their ineptitude is calculated to lead the workers into all sorts of dangers; and their cowardice enhances the danger. It will be a bad day for the British Labour movement, the workers, and industry if ever the Communists get control. To adapt a phrase coined by a well-known statesman, one would as soon trust a child in an aeroplane as the Communists with the control of the trade unions.

Fortunately, there is not much danger of that happening. Communism is fast losing what influence it once possessed. That there is ample room for improvement in the condition of things in this country will not be disputed by anyone. There must be something radically wrong with a nation that cannot find employment for over a million of its people—that displays great wealth on the one hand and abject poverty on the other. One can say without much fear of contradiction that our rulers are not paying sufficient attention to these pressing problems. Our politicians appear to be more concerned with achieving power, and in the struggle for ascendancy vital things are apt to be shelved. But, as a trade unionist of many years' standing, I unhesitatingly assert that the disruptive policy and tactics of the British Communist Party are the greatest obstacles in the path of working-class progress.

Pacifist Propaganda

By Patrick Devlin

THE termination of the war and the swift passing of the hectic enjoyment which hailed the first fruits of victory were the signal for a revulsion of feeling that expressed itself in the conviction, as universal as it was almost passionate, that nothing could ever justify the repetition of such horrors. The years that have cooled the white heat of detestation have left still glowing the steady flame of a purpose that in its intensity refuses even to contemplate the possibility of a future war. In such a hothouse atmosphere the tender plant of pacifism is easily nurtured, and, in fact, its seeds are far more widely spread than one would imagine. Apart from the proposals to abolish the Army and Navy that periodically occupy the time of the House of Commons and from the discussions of the immorality of fighting that figure on the agenda of ecclesiastical conferences, it is obtaining unostentatiously increasing support in the country. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, for example, devotes much energy to a pacifist campaign and claims to have collected in a comparatively short space of time nearly 150,000 pledges by men that in no circumstances will they fight. His meetings, as also those of the "No-More-War" organizations, which are far more active than is commonly supposed, gain rather than lose from the lack of publicity allotted to them. It is illuminating to note that in the Cambridge Union last March a resolution in favour of uncompromising pacifism was carried by 213 votes to 138, in spite of the fact that it was opposed by two such able Parliamentarians as Mr. Austen Hopkinson and Sir Archibald Sinclair. But the situation cannot be described in statistics, for it depends not so much on the activity of the promoters of the movement as on the acquiescence of the general public. Before the war a pacifist was more or less a crank; his views were dismissed incuriously with a shrug of the shoulders. Nothing can show more significantly the change of feeling than the

fact that today pacifism is contemplated with something akin to adherence by the perfectly normal man.

Almost nine years have passed since the conclusion of the war, and it is time to take stock of the position. Pacifism can no longer be condemned as being beyond the pale of reasonable discussion. The ordinary young man, who views with indifference neither his philosophy nor his fate, is now gradually, though perhaps unconsciously, determining his attitude towards a future call to arms; and a determination that is the product of matured thought may not be shaken in a moment of crisis by an emotional appeal.

The particular attraction of pacifist propaganda is that nine-tenths of it is not only persuasive, but true. For the ordinary pacifist speech consists of a condemnation of war, and nothing is easier than that. There is practically no aspect of warfare in which a single redeeming feature can be discerned. The heroism of a Grenfell or the poetry of Rupert Brooke allow us to glimpse something of the spirit that in olden days made war a great adventure and martial chivalry the first of manly virtues; but, viewed as a whole, the panorama that spreads itself before our gaze is just one of sheer misery, intolerable in its extent, revolting in its accompaniments and barren of achievement. The lessons of the last war are easy of demonstration: a world racked by four and a half years of suffering will spend the next decade or two tending its injuries, and will have profited nothing; the lies freely circulated so that men of peace might be artificially strung up to the necessary pitch of endurance, have left their legacy of racial hatred; England, crushed by taxation and seething with industrial unrest, is hardly more fortunate than her vanquished foe.

All this is true, but pacifism needs more than this to establish its case. To go to war is bad, but an act in itself bad may be justified by circumstances. To kill a man is bad; more often than not it is murder; but on the field of battle it is sometimes known as heroism, and on the scaffold it is called justice. The pacifist must, therefore, prove, not merely that war is generally unjustifiable, but that it is always so. He will be able to show, obviously, that war, when dictated by an unjust

motive, is bad. More than that, he will show that it cannot be justified by any motive that is purely material; economic advantage or territorial aggrandisement, however lawful of attainment, weighed in the scale, could not possibly balance the resort to war. Even a pure motive cannot justify war, unless it is the only conceivable means of attaining a good and essential object. In other words, war is only justifiable when it is also necessary, and it is only absolutely necessary when it is waged in self-defence. The pacifist must be pinned down to a discussion of this type of war. The rest of his case is universally admitted; a statement of it emotionally is excellent propaganda, but intellectually is simply beating the air. The pacifist campaign cannot admit the validity of any war. In asking men to pledge themselves never to fight in a future however remote and under circumstances however unforeseeable, it acts on the assumption that war can never be justified. If in a single instance the fulfilment of that pledge can be proved indefensible, then its extraction is unwarrantable.

It is clear that a man may use force to defend himself, his family, or his property. Every system of law, however developed, permits of that. It would be intolerable to make a householder stand by in impotence while his property was removed and console him with the assurance that, in the event of the burglar being caught by the police, he would certainly be imprisoned. Even Mr. Ponsonby admits the absurdity of that, but he maintains that there is no analogy between a nation and a man. In some cases, it is true, there is not. If one man shakes his fist, the law ignores it, but if a hundred men do it, it may be termed a riot, and it is no excuse for the person apprehended to say that he would not have been rioting had it not been for the other ninety-nine. But in the case of a nation and an individual defending themselves, their actions are not merely analogous, they are in essence the same. For a nation is not a concrete thing susceptible of attack separately from its component parts. An invasion means an ingression, not only into the nation's territory, but into some particular person's as well. An attack on a nation means an attack on some of its members. If one man has a right to

defend himself and his property, so has his neighbour; and if several men have each a right to defend themselves, then they have a right to co-ordinate their defence. Defence so co-ordinated by a large number means war.

It is impossible, therefore, logically to deny the right of a country to defend itself. An admission more or less to this effect can be wrung from most pacifists. But having admitted so much, they say that all wars are alleged at the time to be waged in self-defence, and that, if this particular type of war is excepted, the populace will be hoodwinked into what is in reality a war of aggression. But even if this were actually so, it does not justify the remedy of pacifism. The fact that a war may be unjust is not a sufficient reason for abstaining from all wars whether unjust or not. It is as if Mr. Ponsonby were to obtain pledges from his countrymen that they would obey no laws, for the reason that it was conceivable that Parliament might be bamboozled into passing a bad law. If we are afraid of our politicians deceiving us, the remedy lies not in passive resistance to all they may advise, for that is obstruction which will lead to anarchy; it lies in putting men in their place on whom we can rely, and, if necessary, in overhauling our democratic machinery to that intent. In actual fact, however, English statesmen are not prone to such deceit. No one has ever questioned the wisdom and honesty of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, and men like Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain command the same respect.

Self-defence, then, is an inalienable right, whether exercised by one man or a million, and the fact that a war waged from such a motive is a possibility in the future conclusively rebuts the theory of pacifism. It is useless to say that war is so great an evil that it can never be justified. An evil, no matter what its magnitude, when it is inevitable, must be faced. Confronted by a determined aggressor, a country has no alternative but to fight: no permanent peace and security are achieved by submitting to aggression, even were it right that they should be achieved at the cost of liberty. It is true that it needs two to make a war, but equally true that it needs only one to make a breach of the peace. The

pith of the matter is that the appeal to force is still, as it always will be, the final result of disagreement; no civilization, however developed, can avoid that. Let the pacifist rail, if he will, against the imperfections of a system in which such a thing can be, or against the iniquity of human nature which makes the system possible. These are defects which, however deplorable, we can do little to alter; and the fact that their existence is undesirable is no excuse for ignoring them.

All this leads naturally to a consideration of the problem more fundamentally, a consideration which will show that pacifism bears no relation to any intelligent conception of international peace. Peace is man's natural state. He abandons it only when his passions cause him to violate another's rights, or when he believes that his own have been violated. It follows that law is essential to the preservation of peace, for law lays down what rights a man has, decides when they have been violated, and punishes the wrongdoer. Where there is law the wrongdoer refrains from attack because he is afraid of punishment and the wronged because he can obtain thereby a better remedy. In every nation it is by the enforcement of law that peace has been secured, and by that alone can it be secured between the nations. If we seek world-peace, we must prepare for it as a habitation a concrete structure of international law. Now, law is based on physical force. Force, dangerous when left entirely to the individual, is beneficial when it is harnessed and released, not haphazardly, but only after considered judgement and to obtain a definite object. To law it is an essential, for law is defined as a rule of conduct enforced by a sanction. Remove the sanction, and the rule ceases to be law; men may still be guided by it, but they will no longer obey it because they must: fines, imprisonment, and capital punishment are sanctions indispensable to civilization. It follows that international law must depend on force, and that is the rationale of the League of Nations. The object of that institution is simply to secure international administration of justice, which will entail in the last resort a punitive expedition against a recalcitrant nation. But since the use of such force means a form of war, pacifism

denies, not as a practical proposition, but as a matter of principle, that it is ever justifiable. In other words, the theory of pacifism is an insuperable obstacle to the creation of an effective international law: paradoxical though it may sound, the greatest enemy of peace is pacifism.

The theory of pacifism, therefore, is not only impossible, but it is not even ideal; were it seriously accepted, it would destroy the basis of the League of Nations and make permanent international peace unattainable. But if as a theory it is negligible, in its practical results it is dangerous. When the crisis arrives, the nation may find itself paralysed beyond hope of action. It is right that we should ponder these matters very deeply, for they concern ultimately our own lives and happiness, and that we should scrutinize carefully the policies of our governments and reiterate our determination as a country to be drawn into no heedless warfare: it is utterly wrong that we should allow sentimentality to bind us in advance to a course of action that events may prove indefensible, or subscribe to a doctrine theoretically ridiculous and practically disastrous. Mr. Ponsonby himself would hardly assert that the world would be a better place today had we held aloof in 1914. Yet he is doing his best now to ensure that if another 1914 comes there will be a fatal hesitancy sufficient to start our downfall as a nation. Whether it come or not, there is already a heavy score on the charge-sheet. Men cannot be taught that it is wrong to fight for what they have and what they love, and yet be expected to retain the vigour and enterprise essential to a sound and prosperous community. Deliberately to sap the moral of one's country, deliberately to contrive for one's fellow citizens a situation fraught with peril, is conduct that deserves no finer name than treachery.

If the stake involved was not a nation's existence, the epithet of a silly sentimentalist would be more applicable. For pacifism is only one of the many "isms" created by the emotions outstripping the reason. Marked as a short cut to peace, in reality it leads nowhere. Yet the pacifist may well ask how peace is to be attained if not by pacifism; we cannot simply reconcile ourselves to the

prospect of war being waged, each time more destructively, till the end of the world. It is, indeed, imperative, if the evils of pacifist propaganda are to be checked, that we should not content ourselves merely with a demolition of the pacifist case. There must be presented to the thinking man some alternative theory from which he can formulate sane ideas on the subject. The country cannot expect the younger generation to be contented on so vital a matter with nothing more than destructive criticism; nor, after the horrors of the last war, can it safely demand an unquestioning loyalty that does not stop to reason why. There is a pressing need for the evolution of a reasonable alternative to pacifism, and it is suggested that it lies in the development of international law.

That we should attain at all rapidly a code as easily enforceable as the law of the modern state is not to be expected. It can be the result only of that slow infiltration of a novel idea into the minds of men which effects every transition from an old to a new age. Seven hundred years ago our country contained within it many warring elements practically uncontrolled by central authority. It was not safe in those days to trust to the protection of the law. The traveller, who went abroad unarmed, would not have been lauded as an idealist with a wonderful vision of an ordered highway, but would have been condemned as a rash fool. Gradually, and from origins only obscurely discernible in point of time, the law acquired its majesty. History does not indicate to us at what precise moment the gallant's sword became an ornament rather than a weapon. We know only that what was a dream in the thirteenth century is a platitude in the twentieth; we know, too, that some such process is even now moulding the destiny of nations. It is not always given to man to anticipate the workings of Nature. From the sowing of the seed to the reaping of the harvest there must run the allotted span. Rather than pluck untimely from the womb the misbegotten child of pacifism, let us endure the period of parturition, confident in the knowledge that out of our labour and suffering there will some day be born to posterity a perdurable peace.

Notes from Paris

The Bogey of German Armaments.—The eternal problem of Franco-German relations has been raised unexpectedly in the middle of the " silly season " by a series of disturbing publications in the French newspapers. The first was the discovery in the German review, *Die Menschheit*, of a plan for the formation of a German army larger than the Treaty of Versailles allows; next came the revelation by a French paper which deals in indiscretions of a disquieting report by General Guillaumat on the military situation in the Rhineland; and on top of that arrived Herr von Kardorff's aggressive speech. All the French doubts of Germany's goodwill, which had begun to slumber since the satisfactory demolition of the German military works on the Polish frontier, have been reawakened.

It is taken for granted that during the September meeting of the Assembly of the League, Herr Stresemann will renew the demand of the German Government for the withdrawal of part of the Allied garrisons from the Rhineland. According to the last information, a reduction of 5,000 is all that the French staff is prepared to recommend. This will not satisfy the Germans, who demand that the troops of occupation shall not exceed the strength of the German garrisons before the war. But, in view of these manifestations of the aggressive spirit, French public opinion will certainly not be prepared for further concessions.

Decline and Fall of the Locarno Spirit.—What irritates the French most is the German claim to a rapid evacuation as a counterpart of the signing of the Locarno treaties. They regard it as further proof of Germany's inability to comprehend the significance of a " scrap of paper." For the French Locarno implies nothing if not a renunciation by the Germans of a revenge for their defeat in the war. Yet side by side with a continual clamour in the German Press for the withdrawal of the army of occupation they see disturbing signs that Germany is thinking hard of the next war. In other words, she appears to be appealing to the spirit of the treaties while preparing to break the letter. This does not tend to increase French confidence in their value. It is interesting to note that the construction

of a fresh system of fortifications east of Metz is to be begun next month.

M. de Jouvenel's Letter.—Another protest against the Locarno policy comes from M. Henry de Jouvenel, who has written to M. Briand, asking to be excluded from the next French delegation to Geneva on the ground that the League is being ousted from its proper function as an arbiter in international politics by a secret caucus of the four big Powers: France, Germany, Great Britain and Italy. M. de Jouvenel is alluding mainly to the temporary settlement of the quarrel between Italy and Jugo-Slavia, over Albania, with the help of German diplomacy, but his ideas are shared by a good many Frenchmen. They feel that the theory of close co-operation by the Locarno Powers is a hobby-horse of M. Briand's, which he is being astutely encouraged to ride by Herr Stresemann in order to regain for Germany the standing of a big Power, in the military as well as in the political sense.

French Commercial Aviation.—What is the matter with French aviation? That is a question which has lately been occupying the newspapers to a surprising extent. It was prompted first by a comparison of the three successful flights across the Atlantic by American airmen with the unhappy failures of Nungesser and de Romans. The success of the former was explained as the outcome of the experience gained in long-distance flight by the pilots and engineers of the American air-transport companies. This led to a review of the position of French commercial aviation, and the conclusions drawn from it have not proved very satisfactory.

Wherever French commercial machines have to compete with those of foreign companies, the traffic is going to the foreigner. Passengers prefer Handley-Pages and Junkers to Farmans and Breguets. The C.I.D.N.A. which runs services from Paris to Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Poland, and receives subsidies from the Governments of these countries, has been requested by them to supply machines of a better type.

The reason for this falling off is beyond question. The machines used for commercial aviation are in practically every case adapted military types, designed for great speed and climbing power, but lacking in comfort

and stability. The commercial companies are unable to obtain in France aeroplanes specially designed for civil flight, since the constructors receive little or no encouragement to build such machines. The Government subsidy is almost exclusively intended for military construction, and military machines naturally form their chief output. The companies are not allowed to import foreign machines.

An Air Ministry?—There is talk of correcting this mistake by uniting the control of military, naval and civil aviation in one department under a minister or high commissioner for aviation. This expedient has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. The essential thing seems to be that more money and research should be devoted to designing appropriate types of civil aeroplanes, and that the industry should be supported by the development of a network of internal air-lines, as has been done with such success in Germany.

The Grande Chartreuse. — Among the holiday articles in the Paris papers is one contributed by a correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* on the Grande Chartreuse. Since the expulsion of the religious orders from France in 1903, the famous monastery has been the property of the State, which has found in it a white elephant of the first order. There has been talk of turning it into an hotel, a sanatorium, or an asylum for needy artists and writers. The great difficulty is that it lies high up in the mountains of the Dauphiné, miles away from anywhere, and does not easily lend itself for any purpose other than a home for men who wish to escape from contact with the rest of the world.

The enormous buildings, which are capable of housing a small army, are now in the hands of two caretakers and a gardener, and fast falling into disrepair. The nearest neighbours would gladly see the monks back again. It is pleaded that they did a great deal of good, that they would be a draw for tourists, and that the famous liqueur which they manufacture would be a valuable source of revenue to the State. There wou'd be a great outcry if an amendment to the law of 1903 were proposed in favour of the Carthusian friars, but the appeal of the *Petit Parisien* shows the trend of public opinion.

On the Oilfields in Rumania

By M. S. Michell.

A VISITOR to the Rumanian oilfields finds himself in the midst of a life of startling contrasts, a strange intermingling of past and present. Rudely grafted on to the methods of a people whose outlook is still strongly individual, and whose peasantry is, for the most part, steeped in the traditions of the Middle Ages, he will find all the paraphernalia of one of the most up-to-date industries in the world.

Three days' journey from London lies the great oilfield around Ploesti, comprising, within a radius of twenty to thirty miles, a scattered group of villages, each boasting its scores or hundreds of oil wells. Tucked away among the foothills of the Carpathian mountains, or standing bleakly on the flat, cultivated plain which surrounds Ploesti, these little villages have a certain aspect of the picturesque. True, they are without subtlety of colouring or half tone, but, nevertheless, in a crude, vivid way they strike a note of something akin to beauty. Low, white houses, often bearing brightly-coloured stencilled patterns on their plaster walls, flank a straggling main street down which flows, or rather bumps, the life of the village; ox-wagons follow each other in strings of half a dozen or more, the great cream-coloured oxen lumbering heavily over the rough roadway while the peasant drivers doze fitfully. Gipsy bands are often to be seen strolling down the street in parties of four or five, slim, dark, and unbelievably dirty, carrying their primitive musical instruments in readiness to play for any festivity or for the weekly village dance. Around the door of any shop where drinks are sold a few idlers can always be found, men in tight-fitting trousers, leather waistcoats embroidered in many colours, and, in winter, tall astrakhan caps shaped like the French cap of liberty. Among the group of idlers women will seldom be seen, except, perhaps, an occasional old crone with her head

shrouded in a black kerchief. The majority of women in the street are all bent on some errand; bare-footed girls in picturesque peasant costume going to the well for water, or others, in less becoming clothes of modern design, setting out to shop. The scene is one of noise and movement, yet without bustle except, perhaps, on the part of the numerous geese who infest the roadway and seem to lead lives of breathless escape from under the wheels of passing vehicles.

In strange contrast to this primitive scene are the tall derricks, structures of wood or steel shaped like slender lighthouses, which rear themselves gauntly above the oil wells. Within the narrow circumference of the derrick, in a chill semi-twilight, a handful of Rumanian workmen attend to the machinery which operates the well. Queer, grimy-looking fellows they are, with their oil-bespattered clothes and dark, unshaven faces, crowned by the inevitable cachula or astrakhan cap. Far below them, at a depth of several hundred yards, lies the oil which is reached by long pipe lines sunk vertically in the ground beneath the floor of the derrick.

The working of a well demands skill and patience, and the peasants work under the direction of some accredited representative of the company to whom the well belongs, an engineer who is responsible for everything done on the spot and whose days, and often nights, are spent in and around the derricks, superintending, demonstrating, or taking a hand in the work himself.

Methods of organization naturally differ in the various companies, but as the Mohammedan turns inevitably towards Mecca, so does the engineer living out in the village look to Ploesti, for there all the local directors of the oil industry are congregated. Each day they set forth from the town by car to visit their companies' wells, jolting and bumping over the plain, fording rivers and following hillside tracks which in England would be considered unfit for wheeled traffic. Only a few strong makes of car can stand such racketing, and one sees the Buick, Fiat, Cadillac and, of course, the ubiquitous Ford, but few others. It is said, even of these, that the average life of an automobile on the oilfields is only two years.

As a Mecca, Ploesti is artistically disappointing.

True, there is one wide boulevard flanked by good-sized houses standing in their own gardens, but for one of the richest towns in Rumania, it has a curiously drab, down-at-heel appearance. For the most part, the streets are narrow and dingy, with extremely bad road surfaces, and the shops are such as one might expect to find in a fourth-rate market town in England. Yet, in this drab little place are gathered representatives of the biggest petroleum concerns in the world. In London, New York, Amsterdam and other capitals, a keen watch is kept on the Rumanian fields, and messages flash forth daily to Ploesti from the controllers of the world's oil supply.

The languages of most of the countries of Europe can be heard in the streets of the town together with a good seasoning of rich American. The complications which ensue from this strange mixture of tongues are often of a ludicrous nature. An Englishman, one day, was accidentally jostled in the street by a foreigner, and turning to his companion, he exclaimed in righteous indignation:

"Really these fellows have no manners! He knocked right into me and never said a word!"

Immediately the foreigner turned round, swept off his hat and replied in perfect English:

"I beg your pardon. I did not know in what language to apologize, or I would certainly have done so."

Social life for, at least, the younger members of this polyglot society centres around the International Club where, during the week-ends, many of the engineers gather from the villages to enjoy the amenities of a club run on good Continental lines. Little other inducement is offered to tempt visitors to the town. The best hotel in the place is a melancholy spot, serving no meals and boasting nothing in the way of sitting-room or lounge other than the entrance hall where a few decrepit basket-chairs stand dejectedly on a stone floor in front of the office. The only sign of cheer the traveller receives on entering is a large notice stating that baths can be obtained on the premises. Should he, in a hopeful spirit, pursue inquiries on this topic, he will find that the bath-room is also the sleeping apartment of the housekeeper and her child, and that he can only make use of it at certain restricted hours.

The " week-ender " from the villages cares little for any of these things; he is out to enjoy himself, and Ploesti is his nearest point of contact with the world of gaiety. Tomorrow will see him returning to his work, jolting across the plain in the car of some friendly director or struggling to breathe in the asphyxiating atmosphere of the midget train which runs between Baicoi and Moreni. The train journey is a test of endurance which may be unduly prolonged, as it occasionally happens that the supply of wood to heat the engine gives out, and a halt has to be made while someone is dispatched to bring a load by ox-wagon.

Journeying by car is more pleasant, although the roads are amazingly bad, with great potholes reminiscent of the war areas of France and Belgium in the early days after the Armistice. As hold-ups by armed ruffians are by no means uncommon occurrences on the dark winter evenings, the majority of people travelling after dusk carry guns with them.

The road leading out of Ploesti in the direction of the oilfields runs across a cultivated plain which stretches away beyond the town into an illimitable distance. Gradually, as the road advances, the plain in front gives way to a rising chain of foothills, and then comes the great surprise, the sudden vision of the distant snow-capped range of the Carpathian mountains; first the plain, flat like the floor of the earth, then the bare foothills, and behind them the mountains, towering and superb.

The road leading to Moreni, the largest village on the field, crosses a river bed where, at most times of the year, it is possible to ford the stream. On the bank, peasant women are often to be seen waiting in the hope of getting a lift on the step of some passing car, as the river is too deep to cross by foot and there is no bridge for many miles. It is, indeed, remarkable that the best bridges in this part of the country are those which were erected by the Germans during their occupation of Rumania.

Moreni is about an hour and a half's run by car from Ploesti and stands on the banks of the river Prahova. Nearing the foothills the character of the country changes completely, becoming wooded and undulating, and the

village is first seen in panorama as the road emerges suddenly on a crest from its windings amongst the woods. Down below lie the little white houses encompassed by a huge army of tall derricks; the sloping hillsides seem to bristle with them, standing in their hundreds like regiments of pikemen keeping guard over the village below.

Life in Moreni, as in all other villages on the oilfields, is a strenuous affair. Work on the wells is usually organized in shifts, but the pious feelings of a good British trade-unionist would be outraged by the impossibility of keeping invariably to definite hours. At certain stages of the work it is inexpedient to leave a well, and it is sometimes necessary for the engineer in charge to remain at his post for stretches of thirty or more hours to deal with some particular emergency. Of all calamities which can happen on the oilfields, an outbreak of fire is the worst. Its occurrence is proclaimed by the concerted wailing of many hooters which immediately brings a crowd of helpers. Not a moment must be lost; men set feverishly to work pulling down neighbouring sheds and sousing others with water, in an attempt to ring a circle of immunity around the blazing well. Volumes of inky smoke blacken the air, and flames leap skywards as they shoot up the towering height of the wooden derrick. Soon another well catches alight and then another: a blazing derrick shivers, seems to hang suspended for one breathless second, and then crashes to the earth in a shower of flaming fragments.

Fires are not now so common as they were a few years ago, when they were of almost weekly occurrence, even, sometimes, sweeping down the hillsides to the village and destroying houses and property. The dwellings of the peasants are soon rebuilt, the owners often undertaking the work themselves. Such aids to accurate architecture as plumb-lines and foot-rules seem to excite a fine contempt in the peasant builder, who relies for his effects upon brilliancy of colouring on all available woodwork rather than on mere accuracy of line. Scattered among these characteristic dwellings are the houses built by the various companies for the engineers in their employ. There are Dutch houses in severely

neat rows, English houses of the suburban bungalow type, and American houses planned with a sole view to interior comfort; there are, in fact, houses of all sorts owing their inspiration to divers nationalities. The resulting effect on the architectural harmony of the village is nothing if not peculiar.

Beneath this incursion of foreign peoples with their strange ways and conflicting interests, the life of the Rumanian peasantry flows on much the same as it has always done. True, the man's work on the oilfields gives him a certain superficial sophistication, but deep down he is still held by the ancient beliefs of his forefathers. In one of the oil villages, recently, the body of a child was dug up from the graveyard during the night and discovered in the morning with a hand cut off. On inquiry, it was found that there is a belief among the country people that, if a man carries with him a severed human hand, he can rob a house in safety, as he will be rendered invisible!

The feelings aroused among the villagers by this macabre affair were characteristic: the strongest emotion expressed was not horror at the deed, but consternation that an intending housebreaker should be at large in their midst.

In the welter of foreign business competition the doings of the Rumanian peasantry awaken only a dim echo. Every man in the oil industry is trying to wring a livelihood or make a fortune out of this strange, alien land, and his interests and concerns are bound up with the little world revolving around the affairs of his petroleum company. The Englishman, especially, makes an indifferent cosmopolitan. Unaccustomed to working in a foreign country where he is not of the dominant race, he takes little interest in the affairs of a nation in whose administration he can have no hand. To him, Rumania is only a land of sojourning, a background for the activities of his business career.

"The Lion of the Punjab"

By Talbot West

AMONG the numerous romantic Oriental characters who figure in the history of the Punjab, there are, perhaps, none who make so strong an appeal to the average Briton as the great statesman and warrior, Maharajah Ranjeet Singh, popularly and deservedly known as "The Lion of the Punjab."

The history of his times is familiar to many, and various excellent works are available on the subject; but to refresh the memory and to facilitate an appreciation of his great qualities, as well as his difficulties and achievements, an extremely brief sketch of the general state of the Punjab at the close of the eighteenth century may not be amiss.

The intolerant bigotry of the later Great Moguls had gradually driven the Sikh community to create, from what was originally a peaceful religious brotherhood, composed chiefly of agriculturists, an extremely powerful, defensive, political and military organization.

The decline of the Mogul power, which soon opened the door to numerous foreign invasions, found the Sikh community scattered over the Punjab in "Misals" or "groups" under petty chiefs or "Sirdars," who had suffered varying fortunes and much persecution without any loss of a general sense of religious and military fellowship in the "Khalsa," or "the army of the free," as they termed themselves.

This change of circumstances soon encouraged the Sikhs to combine more closely; all they required was a strong and able soldier statesman, a national hero, in fact, to lead them and to convert them into a united power. In 1780, Ranjeet, the son of a petty Sirdar, was born, and fate was to prove him the very man the Khalsa required. It should be understood that the Sikhs are not a race, but a *brotherhood*. At present they number three millions and are scattered throughout the Punjab.

A man is not born a Sikh, but is initiated into Sikhism, usually during boyhood or early youth. This ceremony is known as performing the Pahul, after which the second of his two names is changed to Singh. He rejects most of the Hindu observances, but reverences the cow. He may not smoke or cut his hair, but is allowed strong drink, a privilege of which he is often not loath to avail himself. Although his caste is broken, his faith remains largely Hindu in character.

Ranjeet was only eight years old when his father died and left him the chieftainship of a small "Misal" under the control of Suda Koonwar, his mother-in-law, one of the most artful and ambitious women in Sikh history. Before he was nineteen the young Sirdar gave proof of his remarkably vigorous initiative powers, and, with the aid of Suda Koonwar's able diplomacy and her powerful family connections, he succeeded in attaching himself to some of the greater Sikh chiefs and in crushing others.

By 1799 he had possessed himself of Lahore, and, nine years later, having obtained the title of "Maharajah" from the Afghan King, bid fair, after almost continual fighting and crushing of revolts, to gain control of the entire Khalsa community north of the Sutlej. South of that river and between it and the Jumna, however, the Malwa Sikhs, headed by the Rajah of Patiala, had no mind to be forced into submission by the Maharajah and appealed to the British, who now occupied Delhi.

Ranjeet Singh, knowing and dreading British power, had the sound sense not to force a quarrel, and an arrangement satisfactory to both sides was soon arrived at. Direct relations were thus established, and the Maharajah, throughout his life, honourably kept all his agreements and maintained friendly relations with the British. The Sikh leader was sufficiently acute to perceive that the British reluctance to interfere in affairs beyond the Sutlej was perfectly genuine, and that, so long as he aroused no mistrust of his own intentions, he would be allowed a free hand.

His foreign policy and relations with regard to the British having thus been settled, he was able to turn his undivided attention to the systematic consolidation of his power north of the Sutlej, and to the extension of his

dominion, an undertaking which involved numerous operations against Afghan Governors at Multan, Peshawar, and in Kashmir, not to mention minor chiefs east of the Indus.

Before undertaking conquests farther afield it was necessary to put his own house in order. The chief difficulty lay in the fact that the Sikh doctrines of equality and brotherhood made each chief kick at the idea of subordination.

The Maharajah's methods were effective and simple. He confiscated for his own benefit the estates of the more important men who died and left heirs who were not in a position to defend themselves, and he exercised pressure on others of a nature which they found it inexpedient or impossible to resist.

An instance of these preliminary minor operations was his attack on the fortress of Kussoor, in 1807, where he at first met with fierce and successful resistance. But the advantages of possessing an ingenious mother-in-law soon became apparent. This tactful lady, Suda Koonwar, who as usual had accompanied the Maharajah, relieved the *émeute* by skilfully bribing some of the defenders, who opened the gates and enabled Ranjeet to enter and obtain possession. Thus it was, by a combination of force and stratagem, that the leadership of the entire "Khalsa" community was won.

The Maharajah next determined on the subjection of Multan, which strong fortress was then ruled by an Afghan Governor. *En route*, he exacted tribute from Zemindars of the country through which he passed, and, on arrival, easily succeeded in reducing the fort. The logical sequence of the victory was the plunder of Multan city, which operation he also carried out most efficiently, until Moozuffar Khan offered him 70,000 rupees to depart.

There being nothing more left worth taking away, Ranjeet graciously accepted the present and returned to his capital at Lahore.

The Maharajah's next big enterprise was in 1809, when he collected a large army for the purpose of assisting Sunsar Chund, who had held the formidable fortress of Kote Kangra against Ummur Singh, the Goorkha chief, for four years. The former had made an able defence, but, seeing that he could not hold out much longer, sent

an envoy to Ranjeet Singh with the offer of the fortress, provided the Maharajah would drive the Goorkhas out of the country.

The historic fortress of Kote Kangra, hitherto considered impregnable, is situated in the lower hills about seventy miles north-east of Jalandar. As soon as Ranjeet's arrangements were complete he set out with a large army and an able diplomat in the person of his inevitable mother-in-law. A fierce engagement then took place between the Sikhs and Goorkhas, in which both sides lost at least 1,000 men, with the result that Ummur Singh raised the siege of Kangra, and finally yielded, agreeing to pay a large sum to the victor and to leave the country.

As hostage for the fulfilment of the agreement, Sunsar Chund had sent his son over to Ranjeet's camp, but, on seeing the departure of the Goorkhas, Sunsar refused to carry out his promises and to deliver up Kote Kangra. However, the Maharajah's wily mother-in-law soon proved equal to the occasion. She seated herself on an elephant with the boy hostage, and, proceeding towards the fort, demanded the keys.

These were refused until Sunsar's son was made to say that it was his wish they should be given up. The gates were then opened and Suda Koonwar took possession of the fort and released the boy. Thus Ranjeet not only became possessed of Kote Kangra,but all the neighbouring small hill states yielded to the victor of what they had always considered an impregnable fortress.

The following year the Maharajah occupied himself by taking Gorgorat, Khooshab, and subsequently again looting Multan, where he obtained another 80,000 rupees from the unfortunate governor, who at the same time offered allegiance to him instead of the Afghan King.

About this period Afghanistan was rife with intrigue, not an unusual condition with Oriental monarchies.

In 1810 Shah Mehmund, who was King at Kabul, had succeeded in dethroning his two brothers in turn. The real power, however, lay with Vizier Fatteh Khan, whose friends and relations held most of the governorships.

Shah Shujah, one of the King's deposed brothers, was endeavouring to reinstate himself, and was not too particular as to the means he employed so long as he could

achieve his object. Ranjeet Singh, who quickly saw that Shah Shujah might be useful to him if properly manipulated, decided to offer the Shah his friendship, and at the same time to use him for his own ends. Shujah succeeded in recovering Peshawar, but lost it again, and was taken prisoner and carried off to Kashmir, while Ranjeet Singh was employed in reducing the hill Rajahs of Jammu, a preliminary to his ultimate objective, the conquest of Kashmir.

The Shah having temporarily disappeared, the Maharajah came to terms with the Vizier Fatteh Khan, and they agreed to conquer Kashmir in concert, and to punish the Governor of Multan, who, having been left to himself for some little time, had become independent and defiant. In 1812 Fatteh Khan, supported by a large Khalsa army and using Peshawar as his base, crossed at Attock and soon succeeded in conquering Kashmir. The unfortunate Shah Shujah was recaptured by the Sikhs, who took him back with them to their capital at Lahore, where he was imprisoned and the famous Koh-i-noor diamond taken from him by Ranjeet Singh.

In the course of the year 1812, however, the Shah escaped from Lahore, eventually succeeding in crossing the Sutlej and reaching the large British frontier garrison at Ludiana.

During the following year friendly relations between the Afghans and Sikhs were finally severed. As there was a famine that year in the Punjab, Fatteh Khan thought that the occasion was favourable to an easy conquest, and opened operations by an attack on Attock, one of the gateways into the Sikh territories.

The Khalsa army, advancing under Mokhum Chund, one of Ranjeet's most successful generals, met the Afghans in the month of June, and a great battle took place, in which the Afghans were completely surprised and routed. Fatteh Khan was totally defeated, and his entire camp was captured, but he managed to make good his escape. The victory went far to establish the fighting prestige of the Sikhs, and for many a day the Pathans and Afghans held a decided respect for the Khalsa army.

The project that was ever dear to Ranjeet Singh was the conquest of Kashmir, which province was still ruled

by an Afghan Governor, supported by Fatteh Khan acting in the name of the puppet Afghan King.

His first serious single-handed attempt was in 1814, when the Maharajah, accompanied by his hill Sirdars, took the road to Poona, while the Khalsa army proper reached Kashmir via Peer Pinjal Pass, near which place they were met by the Afghan army.

The battle which ensued took place in a heavy snow-storm, accompanied by intense cold. Both sides fought with desperate ferocity, but the Sikhs from the hot plains of the Punjab were at a disadvantage under such climatic conditions, and were consequently severely defeated.

In the meantime, Ranjeet, with his hill soldiers at Poona, was unable to cross the hills and to come to the assistance of his detachment.

The entire Sikh forces were obliged to leave Kashmir, but not without considerable punishment from the victorious Afghans, who severely harassed their retreat. A temporary peace was patched up, but the incident taught the Maharajah that he must thoroughly reorganize his army and await his opportunity before he could possess himself of Kashmir. Consequently the next four years were spent in reorganization and in completing the subjugation of the hill Rajahs. The only incident during this period was the expedition against Moozuffar Khan, the refractory Afghan Governor of Multan. In February, 1817, a Khalsa force, advancing on Multan, took first the outlying fort of Moozuffarghar, and then laid siege to Multan itself.

Although the siege was carried out with much vigour, Moozuffar Khan defended himself with great tenacity for over three months. Eventually, however, the Sikh guns, which were numerous and powerful for those days, effected practicable breaches in the walls of the fort, and on May 18 the Sikhs made a sudden and powerful attack, which, despite the desperate resistance offered by Moozuffar Khan and his followers, was very successful, although many were killed on both sides.

The death of Fatteh Khan in 1818, through foul play, and the tumult and confusion caused at the Afghan court by the event, gave Ranjeet Singh his long-desired opportunity for the conquest of Kashmir. His unfortunate

experiences of 1814, however, had clearly demonstrated the disadvantages of campaigning in Kashmir during winter, so he wisely postponed active operations until the following May (1819). The Khalsa army entered Kashmir for a second time by that historic gateway the Peer Pingal Pass, and completely routed the Afghan forces in the great battle which ensued. The Sikhs then entered Srinagar, the capital, and the whole of the fertile province of Kashmir was subjugated to Ranjeet Singh, whose revenues were greatly increased thereby.

The Maharajah immediately dispatched forces against Poona and the small Nile Rajahs in the neighbourhood of Kashmir. These, being unable to resist, at once surrendered, and paid up a total of sixty-three lakhs of rupees as an indemnity. In 1820 the remaining dependencies of Kabul east of the Indus were also brought into subjection, and all paid indemnities, according to their wealth.

Throughout his active career Ranjeet Singh had to a large extent been influenced and aided by the artful diplomacy of his mother-in-law, but for some years he had begun to weary of this ambitious and scheming woman. About this period matters came to a head, and she was imprisoned at Amritsar, all her property being confiscated.

In the course of the year 1822 two European mercenaries arrived in the Punjab and were received into the Maharajah's service. These were Messieurs Allord and Ventura. They were both expert soldiers, schooled to European military ideas during the Napoleonic wars. The former received command of the cavalry, while the latter was appointed to the infantry. Their annual salary was fixed at 50,000 rupees. These men were subsequently joined by a third, who was attached to the artillery, Monsieur Court, and it was largely to the exertions of this trio that the Khalsa army owed its subsequent high state of discipline and efficiency.

About the time of the arrival of these European adventurers Ranjeet Singh, who was a great lover of horses, heard of the very famous horse "Lylee," which was in the possession of Dost Mohammed Khan of Kabul. The Maharajah determined to secure the animal at any price. Shere Singh was accordingly dispatched with 8,000

cavalry, with orders to cross the Indus and bring back the horse at all risks. He crossed at Attock and obtained some initial successes, but was checked later by the Afghans, so that the Maharajah had to hasten from Lahore to his assistance, reaching him only just in time to meet and successfully counter a furious attack by over 20,000 Mussulmans. The Afghans lost 10,000 men, and the remainder flying *en route*, the Sikhs made a victorious entry into Peshawar.

An attempt was made in 1829 to expel Sikh influence from Peshawar, but the contrary result was produced, for the Khalsa forces were, on the whole, successful. The internal state of the Kabul kingdom becoming worse, the Afghan King was obliged to accept the confirmation of the former treaty, and Peshawar, although a troublesome acquisition, finally became tributary to Lahore.

In October, 1831, a meeting near Rupur on the banks of the Sutlej was arranged between Lord William Bentinck and the Maharajah. The ceremony was attended with great pomp and state on both sides, each being escorted by large forces of horse and foot. Reviews, sports, and several field days were arranged, during which the Maharajah greatly admired the fine soldierly bearing of Her Majesty's 31st Regiment (now the 1st Battalion of the East Surrey Regiment) destined to play so famous a part in the two Sikh wars after the great Maharajah's death. The result was a firmer bond of union between the British and the Maharajah and a renewal of the treaty of 1809, with some additional clauses. These good relations and the terms of the treaty were uniformly maintained by Ranjeet Singh to the day of his death, although at times he was sorely tried by the pressure and restraint that was placed on him by the British in order to curb his designs against Scinde and Kabul.

The last great military event in Ranjeet's life was the attempt by Dost Mohammed, who was at this time practically ruler at Kabul, to recover Peshawar. The Sikhs were prepared to fight for their dependency, and showed considerable military power in the contest that followed, with the result that the Afghans were finally well beaten, and a Governor of Peshawar was appointed direct from Lahore in place of the tributary Afghan Governor, whose

position was felt to be no longer compatible with the permanent security of the place.

The Maharajah's military career was now drawing to a close. During the remaining few years of his life the Khalsa army was only employed on minor operations, but the fine military organization survived its originator's death, which occurred in 1839.

In the two wars with the British which took place in 1845 and 1849 Lord Gough's army had the hardest fighting in the history of British India before it was finally victorious. Many battles were so fiercely and closely contested that they were, indeed, expensive and narrow victories. It was not until the crushing defeat at Gujerat, in February 1849, that the power of the Khalsa army was broken, and the surviving Sikhs threw down their arms with the bitter remark, "Ranjeet Singh is dead today."

The Lahore State, which Ranjeet Singh had built up, and which existed until the defeat of the Sikhs by Lord Gough's army, was in many respects unique in history. It had, in fact, some analogies with the Commonwealth of England under Cromwell, in so much that the Maharajah's policy was not the supremacy of a dynasty, but the supremacy and unity of an army fired by religious enthusiasm, and welded and directed by stern discipline and practical training.

Unlike many Oriental leaders, Ranjeet Singh never undertook the conquest of distant provinces in the hope of plunder, and assisted by mercenaries serving purely for the hope of financial gain. He rested his power on the armed brotherhood of the Sikhs, and restricted himself to enlarging his own borders and consolidating the Punjab.

The Maharajah recognized that against native levies British and British-trained Indian troops were invincible. He strove to discover the secret of this invincibility, and he found it in the use of artillery and the employment of large masses of disciplined infantry.

Consequently, he adopted like methods for his own magnificent material, second to none except the British, whom he never supposed he could match, even when urged to try conclusions with them by his hot-headed Sirdars. His wisdom was proved by the events subsequent to his death.

In private life Ranjeet was a great sportsman and made frequent short excursions every year through the country lying between the Sutlej and the Ravee. These trips included coursing hares with Persian greyhounds, killing tiger on foot by small parties armed with sword and shield, and "pig-sticking," which took the form of hunting the wild boar through thick jungle with sword and matchlock.

He had a taste for horticulture, and in 1806 restored the famous Shalamar Gardens near Lahore, where he gave many brilliant fêtes, notably one on the occasion of the visit of Sir Henry Fane in the 'thirties, when large sums were spent on illuminations and displays of all kinds.

In 1823 the death of a rich "shroff," who died leaving eight lakhs of rupees and no heir, provided Ranjeet with the means of building a defensive wall round Lahore. There were an inner and outer wall, with a ditch and twelve gates. The extent of the outer wall was 5,100 paces, its height 75 feet, and its breadth 21 feet.

Lahore also contained Ranjeet's famous fort, and at Phillour, where Mokham Chund is buried, he built another fort, about the year 1809, on the right bank of the Sutlej, for the protection of the passage of that river. This fort, although partly ruined, can be seen today.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to reproduce here a brief character sketch from Prinseep's "Life of Ranjeet Singh," written by a European who had great opportunities of studying the court of Lahore.

To look at the man, little of the hero can be discovered; he is small in stature, and his face, disfigured with the small-pox, and deprived of the left eye from the same cause, is not much indebted to Nature for its external beauty. His smile is pleasing, his manner of address easy and unembarrassed on all occasions, and his reasoning powers and discriminating acumen are of the highest order.

In his youth, Ranjeet was remarkably active, an excellent horseman, and well skilled in everything connected with military feats. His whole life has been spent in warfare, and he even now prefers a tent, or any temporary residence, to his gilded palace.

In articles of dress he is exceedingly plain, except on great occasions, when he dresses with taste and elegance, displaying a magnificent diamond called the "Koh-i-noor" or "Mountain of Light." This precious stone was once the property of Shah Shujah, the unfortunate ex-King of Kabul.

The Attack Upon the New Forest

By D. Crosthwaite Eyre

THE statement made lately by Sir Leolin Forestier-Walker in the House of Commons is not calculated to allay the apprehensions of those who have at heart the preservation of the New Forest. It has at least the virtue of honesty, for he says quite definitely that the part of the forest under the control of the Forestry Commission is to be grown for profit. To those who understand intimately the circumstances of the case, this statement has a most ominous sound, and they will agree fervently with the denial given by Lord Montagu to the assertion made in the *Times* that peace now reigns in the forest. Not peace, but hope is the utmost that can be affirmed of the present condition of affairs. For to a Forestry Commissioner a tree is so many feet of potential timber—tall, straight, and uncompromising—to the ordinary lover of Nature it is a thing of beauty, one of the most varied and wonderful thoughts of the Creator. To the professional afforester a wood is a factory of commercial value, to the general public it is a place of mingled beauty and interest, where the weary townsman can think green thoughts in a green shade, and a child can seek for fairyland in the hidden depths of each vanishing glade. The two points of view are so antagonistic that between them there can be no true reconciliation. The time must come when this will be realized, and then the decision will have to be made as to which is to prevail.

It is true that the part of the New Forest under the control of the Forestry Commission amounts to scarcely a third of the whole, but this third is scattered in enclosures of varying dimensions all over the forest, so that the disfiguring blocks of rectangular fir wood mar the beauty of almost every view in the forest. Moreover, the old hardwood enclosures made nearly two hundred years

ago, which have almost regained the beauty of natural woodland, are now falling before the commercial axe of the Forestry Commission to be replaced by the hated rows of serried fir trees.

The need for afforestation is no doubt urgent, in view of the world shortage of timber threatened in the near future. But there are many places better suited for commercial timber-growing than this unique piece of primeval England, and the New Forest, once destroyed, can never be replaced.

An eminent scientist of Glasgow has lately written to appeal for the preservation of a fauna and flora now unique in the country, which must inevitably be destroyed by the enlarging of the conifer plantations as now threatened. "Science will but be slapping the face of Science," he says, "if scientific forestry is to be allowed to destroy a place so valuable to the student of wild life."

The Commoners of the New Forest are an independent and thriving body of smallholders, such as the Government has sought in vain and at great expense to establish in other parts of the country, for the smallholder can only flourish where there are common rights of pasturage for his cattle. There are over three thousand of these Commoners, gifted with a traditional experience and craft handed down through centuries. Can it be good economy in these days of agricultural depression to infringe the rights of these men by destroying their pasture, closing their long-used rights of way, and depriving their cattle of the shelter of the natural woodland ?

The net profit of the Crown in 1913 from the New Forest amounted to barely £500. Is this a sum worth weighing in the balance with the welfare of these three thousand Commoners, the expressed desire of both scientists and botanists, and the urgent claim of the general public, who see in the New Forest the largest and most beautiful recreation ground in the South of England ?

In the recent debate in the House of Lords, Lord Lovat stated that the Forestry Commission had already many thousands of acres under their control all over the country, for purposes of afforestation, but that these 16,000 acres gave them more trouble than all the rest

put together. Would it not be more satisfactory to both parties in this present dispute, if the New Forest were exempted once and for ever from all commercial treatment and were looked upon as a valuable national playground, an area of research for the scientist and botanist, and last but not least, the necessary and irreplaceable environment of a large body of thriving smallholders, who are as uniquely indigenous to the district as the fauna and flora for which the scientists plead?

There can be no compromise, and there will be no lasting peace between the ideals of the commercial timber-grower and those of the forest-lover, for the two are entirely incompatible! It is not impossible to imagine a scheme modelled somewhat on the lines of that devised for Epping Forest, by which the New Forest could be secured once for all to the nation, a possession of ever increasing value and importance, as the tide of bricks and mortar surges onward across the countryside. It will be a sanctuary of beauty and of wild life, a memory of primeval England to be treasured by future generations as a unique national possession with an increasing love born of widening knowledge.

A Romantic Statesman

By Muriel Kent

It is impossible to read the two large volumes of "The Life and Letters of George Wyndham" without discovering that he was not a representative modern Englishman. His mind was too perceptive, too brilliant —above all, too articulate for that. His biographer's "Prelude of Ancestry" is essential to our full recognition of what Wyndham owed to the mingling of English, Scotch, French, and Irish strains in his forbears. The Letters are abundant proof of his own equipment for the fields of literature and life; including in the latter his services as soldier and statesman, his activities as a country gentleman, and his genius for love and friendship. But the personality reflected here is many-coloured rather than complex, for certain ingrained convictions and enthusiasms gave him directness of purpose: they made him, in the words which he once used about a friend, "himself and not a patchwork of imitations . . . all of one piece in life, and death, and, I believe, afterwards."

Mr. Mackail quotes from the Paston Letters a postscript line written by one John Wyndham, about 1465, which rings like a family motto, and seems the epitome of George Wyndham's career: "And how that ever ye do, hold up your manship." His manship was shaped from childhood in surroundings that encouraged the romantic spirit which was his birthright. His mother, Mrs. Percy Wyndham, was the granddaughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and *la belle Pamela*: she endowed her children with the quick intelligence and charm, the ardent love of beauty in every form, and the high-heartedness which were her own portion. George, who was the eldest son and born in 1863, gained his early familiarity with Malory and Shakespeare through her tastes and guidance. Unconsciously, too, he was absorbing in those enchanted years at Cockermouth Castle, Isel, or

Wilbury, that devotion to his own land, and to the best English traditions, which were the very core of his Conservatism later.

George Wyndham was a born humanist. He could never have given his life to abstractions, or to merely academic interests; and he realized this at an age when choice is rarely formulated. When he went out, as a subaltern of twenty-one, in the Coldstream Guards to the Egyptian campaign of 1885, he wrote to his father a letter glowing with visions of Antony and Cleopatra, or of St. Louis, that the Mediterranean and the Nile had brought before his mind: "I have always said that 'human interest' is what I care for (would prefer the Tiber to Niagara, and like the Alps most because the Cymri slid down them on their shields) . . ."

This instinctive homage to the past became the reasoned attitude which he expressed in Christmas letters to his sisters in 1891:

> No wonder Christmas Eve was famous of old for ghosts. *The whole house is full of them;* on this general resurrection and "Last Day" of all our buried childhoods . . . You were always orthodox to the last minutiæ of mince pies and mistletoe. I now see that you were right . . . Give me custom to clamp together the loose spars littered in our hearts and minds.

Those words suggest the meaning that history, tradition, romance always held for him—they were the foundations of his constructive ideals, or else they illumined his everyday toil and pleasures. At the same time the boyish element was so strong in him that he wrote with mock horror of an impending birthday: "I don't want to be thirty a bit. I like sailing boats on ponds or riding about with my hat off better than anything else. What have I done to deserve this?" For the benefit of those who cannot find, as he did, "a way of escape open from the dustiness and fustiness of politics" in literature—especially in poetry—his open-air letters would make a delightful collection. They are full of a sportsman's keenness, of vivid descriptions of point-to-point races or days with the hounds. And then the letters which are concerned with his first discovery of blue chicory and of curlews, a visit to the Zoo, to the

Burgundian vineyards with Mr. Hilaire Belloc, a motor-tour in the West of England, or that "little classic" about the emotions of the horses at military manœuvres —none of these glimpses of his most English aspect should be left out.

More than most men, George Wyndham moved through life

> with all the graces in his train,

and the poet's vision was as much a part of him as his good looks, or his courage and courtesy.

But he did not wear his gifts as a decoration for his leisure. There was never any doubt in his mind about the imperative nature of his "calling" to public life. That call came to him first after his marriage to the young widow of Earl Grosvenor in 1887. While they were spending their honeymoon in Italy, a letter from Mr. Balfour, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, invited Wyndham to return and become his private secretary. The "new adventure" was accepted without hesitation. Two years later he entered Parliament as member for Dover, and was destined to spend the rest of his life in a thraldom to which he yielded his talents, his energy and loyalty—but never the whole allegiance of his nature. He served at the War Office under Lord Lansdowne during the South African War, and in 1900 he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. Both terms of office involved, as we are told, "successes and failures, triumphs and disappointments." But whatever the issue, he brought to the experiences and tasks of those years a gallant spirit, an integrity which was recognized by his Nationalist opponents, and a sympathy which sprang from the Celt that was in him, joined to his innate chivalry. He wrote from Dublin in 1900: "It is a land of sorcery . . . but through the green and golden witchery comes the piercing appeal of grinding and hopeless poverty. I walk like the mermaid in Andersen on pointed knives."

In all the labours which went to the framing of his Land Bill, in the brief glow of achievement which followed its acceptance (1903), and in the later period of detraction and antagonism, Wyndham showed himself to be "every inch a man, who stood foursquare to all the racket of his

day"—as he said of Ronsard. For a cause, he could work or fight with the best; but his armoury held no fit weapons for self-defence in the melée of party politics. When, in 1905, he judged that his continuance in office would only injure Irish affairs and his political chiefs, he resigned, almost broken down physically by the stress and strain of recent controversy, but refusing resolutely to complain or yield to bitterness of spirit. It was out of the lore which he learned in that dark time that he wrote to a friend two years later: "You must not let disappointment weigh on your mind. Maybe it can be righted. Maybe it cannot. But what does it matter to an English gentleman?"

It is necessary to consider thus briefly the outward course of George Wyndham's life. He had set himself, long before, to be equally ready to lead "a revel or a forlorn hope." If the ending of his Irish administration could be reckoned as a defeat, it was no inglorious one, and he found a solace for his wounds when he turned from the country he had loved and served with disinterested effort, to the "worlds of dreams and books"—equally real to him and still nearer to his heart. It was impossible for him to commit himself wholly to politics, for he expressed his mental poise exactly when he wrote:

> The world of pens, ink, and paper, ugly rooms, exhausted atmospheres, commonplace people, and sordid details is all very well as a forest to go questing in. But you soon become a poor quester if you never go back to Camelot, to sing "Tirra-lirra" by the river with Sir Lancelot.

And again:

> The real objection to work is that it prevents one from doing things that leave memories far more lasting than the results of any work. I feel that . . . particularly about political work. It has no "smack of immortality" about it. But kindness and courage and fun and joy are immortal.

Nevertheless, his election campaigns and his speeches on behalf of Tariff Reform did not lack vitality, for he always "rode to win." Many of the political apophthegms written to his father or his friends show a characteristic standpoint and penetration. For example, in 1898:

> It is strange to see all the different movements beginning to weave themselves into a cable to tow civilization back to its moorings. Will

the cable break? That is the supreme question for those who care for politics and art and letters, and who love their land. . . . Democracy is a disease for which there is no cure, or, at best, a normal form of senile decay in States. . . . Age in States or men or, above all, in women, is no joke. I despise the French aristocracy for having thrown up the sponge; and any man or woman who declines into a praiser of past days (1907). I believe that politics ought to consist in the maintenance of frontiers and homes (1909). For the time being Universities and Courts of Law are not democratic, which is as much as to say the puppets of financiers and the halfpenny press.

If Wyndham's frank Imperialism was warmed and fed by his literary interests, it was also guarded by his sensitiveness to intellectual and spiritual values. His Conservatism was of the wide and generous type, and he held that a certain lofty saying of Champlain, "It is a duty to respect the future," remained "good counsel for Imperialists to our own day."

The bibliographical note which precedes Wyndham's "Essays in Romantic Literature," collected by Mr. Charles Whibley in 1919, is a clue to the trend of his mind. His taste in books, his love of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century poems, both French and English, his inclination to dwell on the glories of the past while eagerly concerned with the present; all these can be traced back to his subaltern days, when he used to relieve the tedium of duty at Windsor by learning Italian and reading poetry or history. But his friendship with W. E. Henley, which began in 1892, was an apprenticeship for the younger man in the art of expression. And it was Henley who set his first task in prose, two years later, by urging him to undertake the introduction to North's "Plutarch," in the reprint which was to be one of a series of "Tudor Translations." How congenial that task proved can be seen in every page of George Wyndham's essay. Whether he was considering the old Grecian artist in biography, or North, the Elizabethan translator from Amyot's version, who set forth a pageant of colour and stately movement, this modern student of their work was filled with reverent delight. He felt himself at once a disciple and a kinsman of each.

Over and over again we discover parallel lines of thought and feeling in Wyndham's letters and the essays. It is not only that the former often give the first

vivid suggestion of his themes; but these free outpourings of his inner life are scarcely more self-revealing than his studies and criticisms of men and books. Thus he hailed in Plutarch the mingled "love of action and of letters," the principles of authority in government combined with gentleness, of service and sacrifice. Instinctively Wyndham marked and quoted such passages and drew out their flavour. And we find him writing to his intimates in the same vein:

> Good work well done is complete in itself apart from results and, all the more, apart from recognition. . . . I begin to see that the pleasure of getting older consists in understanding the History of the world better. . . . The older I get, the more do I affect the two extremes of Literature. Let me have either pure poetry, or else the statements of actors and sufferers. . . . I reflect that the great woof of English life, with its soldiering, and railways, and sports, and literature, goes on getting woven and is far more substantial than the intrigues of Party Politics. . . . To hear a thrush sing in February, or to see a soldier on sentry-go, proves that it is well to live in England and right to die there, or elsewhere, for England.

That last phrase was written in 1912, a year before his death; and there are other suggestions in the letters that he foresaw the tragedy of 1914 with growing certainty.

He had contributed political articles to the "National Observer" at Henley's invitation, and afterwards to the "New Review," throwing himself with ardour into those literary ventures, as he did later into the launching of the "Outlook." He was stirred and inspired by North's rendering of the "Parallel Lives" to declare that here was a book "worthy to stand with Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur' on either side the English Bible"; but still it was poetry who had first flung her gage to him and secured his special devotion. Wyndham's "Poetry of the Prison," which appeared in the "New Review," March 1895, gave a graceful sketch of Charles d'Orleans and Villon, whose poems had long fascinated his ear and heart and called out his powers of translation. Of these two men, alike only in that both witnessed the death scene of the Middle Ages in France and were singers in captivity, Wyndham made a sympathetic study. His estimate of Villon, as Mr. Charles Whibley points out, is far removed from the scornful censure of Stevenson, for he recognized in the

poet one who, living as an outcast in days of darkness and desolation, yet wrote "great verse—verse haunted with all their horror, steeped in their infinite sadness."

George Wyndham's whole temperament and tone were in sharp contrast with those of the decadent writers and artists among his contemporaries; and, for his part, he turned from the prevalent mood of the 'nineties, which seemed to him "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame," to the age of adventure, when History was dramatic and Poetry enthroned above the baser elements of life. He betook himself to a London where, to his quick imagination, "all the talk was of sea-fights and new editions": to the preparation of his Introduction to a new edition of Shakespeare's Poems—in all the intervals he could save from political duties, or cavalry drill at Aldershot. His Essays on "Elizabethan Adventure in Elizabethan Literature" and on "The Poems of Shakespeare" appeared in 1898. The latter is probably Wyndham's chief contribution to criticism, for it drew forth his wide knowledge and fine sense of appreciation among the books of the time. In their pages he met thinkers after his own heart, and his faith in the continuity of the arts—always an important article in his literary creed—was strengthened when he discovered Daniel's "glorious declaration" in the "Defence of Rhime":

> It is but a fantastike giddiness to forsake the waye of other men, especially where it lyes tolerable. But shall wee not tend to Perfection? Yes, and that ever best by going on in the course wee are in, where we have advantage, being so far onward of him that is but now setting forth. For wee shall never proceede, if wee bee ever beginning, nor arrive at any certaine Porte, sayling with all winds that blow.

In Wyndham's study of Shakespeare's Poems he sought to know their "gracious images" more intimately. His aim was to recall the poet's artistic and actual environment, in order to interpret better the creative imagination and rich workmanship of "the lyric Shakespeare." Nothing was lost on his mind, for, versed as it was in the history and temper of the times, in country lore and in a wide knowledge of nature and mankind, he read with the intuition of love.

His own spirit responded as eagerly to the perfection of word, rhythm, and emotion that he found in the Poems as to Sir Humphrey Gilbert's device—"I scorn to change or to be afraid"—and all the deeds to match it which Wyndham quotes in his essay on Elizabethan Adventure. His reverence for history impelled him to give the true version of Sir Richard Grenville's end; but he adds: "We must take the Adventurers as they were." In that gallant company he saw not only those who sailed on unknown seas, or assaulted Spanish cities as light-heartedly as young Essex at the sack of Cadiz, when "he threw his hat into the sea for sheer joy"—but also all those who had striven in the cause of pure literature. In their ranks he found his "Prince of Poets," Ronsard, surrounded by the Pléiade, defending the heritage of medieval song or labouring for the building up of the French language against the forces of artificiality in poetry and "the languid fallacy of art for art's sake." And this Adventurer wins all his sympathy:

> Here is a citizen and a soldier, a man who takes a side in politics and religion . . a conservative with a catholic pleasure in life, delighting in all the treasures garnered into the citadel of the past, and ready to die in its defence. Yet his life-work consists in an exaltation of
>
> Beauty that must die
> And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding Adieu:
>
> and in a curious attention to the formalities of verse, to the artistic liturgy of beauty which affirms, paradoxically, that Beauty, by reason of her certitude, is, despite of death, in some irrational way at once divine and immortal.

Some years later Wyndham was in Paris and sitting for his bust to Rodin. The artist's conversation as he worked must have seemed like an echo of his own thoughts, which he passed on again in a letter written at the time:

> La beauté est partout . . . aussi bien dans la vieillesse que dans la jeunesse. Tout est beau. Le modelé n'est qu'un. Dieu l'a fait pour refléter la lumière et retenir l'ombre. Si nous parlons images, c'est ainsi qu'il s'est exprimé en faisant la terre. . . .

It was, above all, to a lyrical beauty, to a mystical or romantic art, that Wyndham always inclined. But in

the work of Sir Walter Scott he found another element of wonder and delight, for he held that Scott had made

> . . . an epoch in literature by creating romantic-realism; by clothing actuality with atmosphere . . . So in 1814 he trained the two (methods) into one channel, and drew off their united power from the welter of literary cross-currents. . . . He extracted secrets from oblivion to endow what is with the mystery of what has been; and so puts us in case to expect the future. (Speech delivered at the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club, 1907.)

Wyndham's Rectorial Address on "The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe," given at the University of Edinburgh in 1910, was afterwards published as a pamphlet. Mr. Charles Whibley has chosen this, the last piece of literary work he actually carried through, as the opening Essay of the collection—no doubt because its subject makes it a comprehensive introduction to each of the others. The Letters show that he entered on the preparation of this Address with special zest and pleasure, as the gathering up of many treasures from that "enchanted kingdom" where he had travelled often and widely. He had taken into his own vocabulary Shakespeare's line, "The captain jewel of my carcanet," for he could not resist the colour and music of the words; but in his Address he sought to scatter largesse to the crowd from his whole rich store.

If personality has been rightly defined as "capacity for fellowship," it is as a man and a letter-writer, even more than through his other achievements, that George Wyndham may be reckoned great in his generation, and can still win the hearts of those who never saw him. The Letters send us to the Essays in order that we may learn his considered literary judgments. But the essential Wyndham—dreamer and man of affairs, with his charm and steadfastness, the English patriot and the citizen of all magic countries—can be found more immediately in the Letters.

The Raven of the Mountains

By Louis Golding

I ADMIT (said the traveller) that we human beings are quite interesting creatures; limpets have more tenacity but not such exuberance; hippopotami have nothing like our elegance. But I am certain we do not permit ourselves to see what high drama the non-human creation is involved in, so bound up are we in our little triangles, our sophisticated little hates and loves.

I want to tell you, for instance, of the Raven of the Mountains. His name was Hansl. He is to be our protagonist. It is to be mainly an animal story, though I must present it against a background of human beings who will be portrayed, I need not say, in their true proportions. Midrans is a very wild and remote village in the darkest of the Austrian valleys, and I might say of the humans there that they, too, approximate to animals, so shaggy, uncouth, colossal they are—all except little Ludl Shnegg, the yellow-haired little peasant boy who was the master of Hansl the raven. The bird seems to have been attracted out of the original darkness of the woods by the gold glint of the small boy's hair. Another lad, named Peppi Ganner, was wandering in the woods with little Ludl. But the bird wouldn't have anything to do with him. He flopped straight down on to Ludl's shoulder, and the two henceforth became inseparable. Now Hansl was an extraordinarily clever raven, and he so quickly became the darling of the whole village that Peppi Ganner was all ablaze with jealousy. With the connivance of his family he determined to rob the Shneggs of their most precious possession, Hansl the raven, a creature dearer to them than their best milch-cow and most notable ram.

And this is the point at which I must introduce Fipps, the dog. I shall introduce a regiment of cats, too, shortly. For I have warned you. My intention is to prove that the beast world, too, hath its drama, no less renowned than ours.

Fipps was the family dog of the Shneggs and Hansl's doughtiest supporter. I assure you, Hansl needed it. The raven was anathema among his own kinsmen in the woods. The four-footed beasts in the village—dogs and cats and goats—looked up at him ensconced in the flowering cherry, and yearned for his blood. But between Fipps, the black hound, and Hansl a curious relationship existed, an offensive and defensive alliance with strictly-defined territories and obligations. Within the walls of Ludl's house they were frank enemies, who stole from each other everything that was stealable. On the edge of the water-tub in the potato patch, where they both took their potations, a benevolent neutrality existed. Beyond the confines of Shnegg's sparse acres an active alliance united them.

That was why Peppi Ganner had to go about it very carefully when he attempted to steal Hansl. Both Ludl and Fipps had to be out of the way before Peppi dared to whip out the piece of sacking he had been carrying about for days and to throw it over the bird's head. It is probable that the Ganner family was in the conspiracy, for the whole village envied the Shneggs their possession of the strange fowl. At all events, it is not probable that they could not overhear the raven's desperate cawing in the lightless interior attic whither Peppi brought him, struggling and swearing, in the sacking. Peppi's first business was to clip all the bird's feathers close to the body and to nip his tail, the idea being that even if he escaped from his attic he would not be able to fly away from the Ganner house until he had transferred his affection to the gracious Peppi. This was immediately followed by a presentation of gifts, apples and sweets and cake and sausage, on which the boy spent all the farthings he had laboriously acquired for months. Hansl did not appreciate the kindness. He did not even let Peppi execute it. He neither ate nor drank. A week later he managed to make his escape late at night. Possibly he had become so emaciated that he managed to thrust himself between the planking that separated the inner from the outer attic. He flopped clumsily to the ground and managed to get some yards on his way home in a sequence of hops and short, painful flights. It is

certain that one of his many four-footed enemies would have got the better of him that night, if Fipps had not been prowling about in a state of the utmost dejection. With an ecstatic bark the dog recognized his beloved enemy. A minute later he had presented himself in Franz Shnegg's living-room, the wretched plucked creature held tenderly between his jaws. Such an outcry greeted him that people were roused in their beds in the houses on the lower slopes of the village.

It was a great and glorious home-coming; and though Ludl's family had to rub the bird with warm oil and cosset it for months against the great clay stove, he was brought round again to sound health at length.

And when his feathers had recovered their midnight sheen, and the nightmare lifted out of his croaking—then it was that the darkest mischance fell upon Hansl that ever raven was subjected to.

It happened in a dark vault of the " White Lamb," that ancient hostelry in the heart of the village—and its agents were the black cats I have spoken of, an unholy brood. The whole inn swarmed with them (though despite their multitude they had as much as they could do to keep down the mice in the attics and the rats in the barns). Skinny creatures they were, however high they feasted upon nights of slaughter. They had long legs and meagre bellies and green, slanting eyes. In silent companies they gathered together upon the ridges of roofs and stared at each other in inexhaustible hostility; or they padded, male after female, or female after male, through the intricate lines of sprouting vegetables. But they were silent always, excepting for a low noise that sometimes scraped along their ribs. A sinister and complex politics heaved among the swarthy brood, but it never released itself in a great yowl and clash among the midnight stars. The nursing mothers displayed towards their young an unparalleled callousness; so that it was a matter of wonder that the brood endured at all. It endured none the less, and mightily. The creatures rubbed against skirts or legs like a gliding vapour or suddenly put out a sharp claw upon the nape of the neck. Or from among their spectral ribs their own occult cry issued, but you saw nowhere at all the long legs and the green, slanting eyes.

They did not love each other, the black cats of the "White Lamb," for they had no love in them at all; but one thing abated their hatred and resolved their confusions as if by the wand of an enchanter. It was the appearance of Hansl the raven, loping down sideways from the top branch of the cherry tree. Upon him all their odium concentrated, whether because he pertinaciously jeered at them, telling them that all their air of mystery might impose on humans, but he for his part saw it for the shoddy thing it was; or whether merely they could not forgive him for the affront he put upon them by possessing wings when they possessed none. Whatever the case was, all their trackings and convolutions ceased when his mocking croak rang out from the trees or on the shoulder of Ludl. They crouched down upon their bellies and stared upon him patiently, so long as he was there to be stared at. "Our time will come," said the green eyes. "Our time will come."

It came upon the evening of Corpus Christi: all Midrans was gathered in the beer garden of the inn, attired in its festival finery. There were matrons and maidens in tight bodices and aprons of stiff brocade, men and youths with great burnished chests glistening under opened shirts of homespun and the family of Franz Shnegg, Ludl's family.

The old man (I grieve to say) was getting the raven drunk, and the raven was lending himself to the occupation complacently. He held his own without dishonour among the drinkers of Midrans. It was not the least of Frau Shnegg's domestic tribulations that no wine tumbler was safe from Hansl. If a little wine were left at the bottom of a glass, Hansl lost no time in pushing it towards the edge of the table with his beak, till it fell on to the floor and smashed, leaving a pleasant pool of wine for Hansl's delectation. That night at the "White Lamb," too many eyes were concentrated on him to make him feel the time propitious for his tumbler-moving trick; and before long he found it unnecessary. Glass after glass was passed over to him. In each he inserted his beak and assumed a drop of wine with decorum, throwing back his head and testing the vintage carefully. The

decorum became less marked. Amid squeals of laughter from the children and encouraging roars from the elders he flopped more and more clumsily between the ranks of tumblers from end to end of the table. Then finally, like a drunken man staggering with uncanny speed over towards a tree trunk to seize it before he collapses, he lunged desperately towards his young master, spilling the thick wine on to more than one brocaded lap and naked knee, and so attained the sanctuary of Ludl's shoulder. There, with a peevish grunt, he sank into his own shoulders, and fell asleep.

Or perhaps not asleep. He fell into a stupor rather. More than once he raised his tipsy voice, in protest against a cow mooing from some barn near at hand or against Fipps the dog, his friend and enemy, lying between his stretched paws under the table. That night, at least, Fipps was his friend, his only friend. The others had made him drunk and silly. Even Ludl had forgotten him, drowsy with too much food and drink. Fipps noticed the green, slanting eyes, or noticed them when, like marsh-lights, they floated balefully away into the blackness.

It was perhaps half an hour later when suddenly Fipps uttered a short yelp, staccato, from between his paws, as if someone had kicked him. A moment later he sprang out from under the table and stood rigid, like a dog cast in steel, his tail sticking out obliquely behind him like a rod. His eyes started from his head, each short black hair poked out like a wire from his body. So he stood for five seconds, voiceless, paralysed. Upon the sixth second he dissolved into flesh again. He picked up his four feet from the ground as if he hated it for impeding him. He hurled himself like a wind down the beer garden and into the vaulted passage of the inn. Then over against the large crucifix outside the stout door of the huge groined cellar, he checked himself, lifted his head, and made the most desolate and appalling clamour that dog had ever made in Midrans.

I do not like to let my imagination shut itself up for long on the farther side of that door, in the darkness only lit up by the countless green eyes. There was no light in the eyes of Hansl the raven, flapping about heavily

from vat to vat, with all his mischief for the first time completely exorcised, with more than the fear upon him of the fox at bay against a wall or the rat in a trap or the condemned man in a cell. There was no light in Hansl's eyes; and if the howling of Fipps had not brought Hugo and his father within a few seconds to the cellar, there would have been no eyes at all.

Yet I cannot help feeling that Hansl, who was a connoisseur in the uncanny, must have registered a sort of ironic approval of the end which seemed so certain. He had never known the door of this cellar to have been closed before, in all his prolonged and intimate acquaintance with the management of the "White Lamb." Oh, it was clever of the green-eyed ones to realize that Hansl had had a drop too much; to be so clearly aware that to get rid of the noises in his head he often went over to these huge hooped barrels in the cellar. But it was cleverest of them to anticipate that Mariandl, the waitress, for no reason in the world excepting to throw him to their teeth, would shut the door that night upon them and him. The uncanny was Hansl's own particular territory. and he must have appreciated their deportment and versatility. They were not mere cats that evening. They slunk like the wolves he had seen once or twice during frightful winters, driven in their hunger from the nucleus of the glaciers whence no man could extirpate them. They bounded like deer among the ridges, from barrel to barrel. They clung from the ribs of the groined roof by one claw, like bats.

But they were silent. They made not even the tiny whining of bats. Their green eyes shone, but did not spit and sparkle, like match-heads. Though for his own part he croaked and croaked as if he were himself a whole tree-top of ravens, they made no noise at all. Would the yellow-haired one never come then, never? He, the young master, for whose little shoulder he had given up the goodly feel of the fir branches between his claws, for whose service he had abandoned all hope of a mating in the cold high hills with some female, proud and solitary as he had himself been once in the days before the yellow hair cozened him out of secrecy? Would he never come? And a claw was in his wing, at length, for

he could not evade them for ever, and a tooth was about his neck. . . .

It had been not his own blood pounding. It had been Fipps, the four-footed one, making that muted clamour beyond the thick door. Wide, wide, the door was hurled. Light streamed in upon the hideousness. The green light was quenched out of their furtive eyes. Mere cats they were, nothing more than wingless cats, slinking away between boots on their mangy bellies. Yellow hair! Lovely master! He fell upon the small shoulder like a bolt, croaking and sobbing against the yellow hair.

A dark night was that, my masters. And would you tell me tales of humans marooned upon ice-floes or interned in dungeons? Go to. Make the journey, I bid you, to that obscure village in the mountains. Behold the green eyes of the cats. Look into the blue-grey eyes of Hansl the raven. You will apprehend tales more desolate or more monstrous than Poe or Le Fanu or Defoe have in their keeping. We are poor stuff, we humans. Our tales are all told.

London a Hundred Years Ago

By Doris Arthur Jones

WHAT was London like in 1827? Looking into details of social life and manners, we shall find much that has been improved out of existence, but some things that may be regretted—in particular, the moderate charges for food and entertainments. Theatre-going was by far the most popular form of amusement in London a hundred years ago. The principal theatres were Drury Lane, Covent Garden Theatre, the Opera House, and the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. In those days there were no stalls, the pit extending right up to the footlights. Prices were very moderate. At Drury Lane and Covent Garden admission to boxes cost 6s., to the pit 3s. 6d., gallery (corresponding to our "upper circle") 2s., and upper gallery 1s. Small theatres which flourished were the Sans Pareil in the Strand, the Lyceum, one in Tottenham Court Road, and the Royalty in Wellclose Square. For a long while Mrs. Siddons was leading lady at this theatre. Admittance to boxes at the Royalty and the Theatre Royal was only 4s. At many of the theatres there was a regular custom of charging half price for admission after the third act, which was generally a little after 8 o'clock. The theatres started at 6 or 7, and opened their doors an hour beforehand. Sadler's Wells was then famous for variety performances, ballets, pantomimes, burlettas (as they were called), tumbling, tight-rope walking, and the like. Several people owned the theatre, and though their annual expenditure was £7,000, they made over £12,000 by the variety shows presented. Admission to boxes was only 4s., and to the pit 2s., but no half price was taken.

Vauxhall Gardens were still very popular. Concerts and sonatas were the chief attraction; whilst there was an ingenious panorama of a landscape with a miller's house and a waterfall. This was on view nightly at 10 o'clock, when a bell was rung and the curtain drawn up for a quarter of an hour. On gala nights there were fireworks. Four hundred people were employed in the gardens, ninety-six of whom were musicians and singers. Admission was 2s., and on gala nights 3s. There were twenty tea-gardens in and near London, and it was one of the

chief diversions of the middle classes to visit one of them on Sunday afternoons.

The arts, especially painting, flourished a hundred years ago, whilst there were all kinds of public amusements. There were thirteen public exhibitions of works of art, and no less than thirty-four collections in private houses were accessible to the people. In addition, there were twelve institutions for the encouragement of the arts and sciences. Some of them, such as the Surrey and the Russell, are no longer in existence, but the Royal Institution and the Society of Antiquaries are today world-famous. There were three well-known literary assemblies. Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, received his friends every Thursday morning at breakfast in his house in Soho Square. The latest scientific news was discussed and many interesting specimens and antiques were shown. Dr. Garthshore, a friend of Sir Joseph, entertained on Monday evenings at 88 St. Martin's Lane. Mr. Heaviside held a Friday evening meeting in his museum of anatomy and natural history. These gatherings were patronized by a great many doctors, and any respectable person known to someone present could obtain admission.

A hundred years ago there were only twenty-two hospitals in London and seventeen dispensaries supplied the poor with medicines free of charge. Antiseptics and anæsthetics were unknown, and the operating wards of the hospitals were charnel houses. The suffering and stench of the unfortunate inmates beggared description. Only those with the stoutest constitutions survived. Nor was their recovery aided by nursing, which in those days was elementary and unscientific, and inspired by no formal principles as it is today. It is a criterion of the appalling death-rate that in 1806 only one person died aged over 100. There were many deaths we should regard as preventible, or largely so. In the same year, 1,138 people died from smallpox, 763 from dropsy, 285 from mortification, and 161 from gout. At that time many deaths were unregistered, computed to average 5,000 annually.

In addition to the hospitals there were several charitable institutions for various purposes, including one for

the relief of debtors, and another for the relief of chimney sweepers. As much as £200 in premiums was offered for a mechanical device to obviate the employment of children. Such humanitarian efforts were unusual at a time when children not yet in their teens worked half-naked in mines and factories, and were occasionally hung for trivial crimes.

At that time there were only 223 schools in London, compared with 1,128 today. A benevolent society existed for the relief of schoolmasters, or ushers, as they were commonly called, their widows and children. There was an entrance fee of five guineas for each member, and an annual subscription of a guinea—quite a serious item, as the profession was scandalously underpaid.

In contrast to the meagre number of hospitals and charitable institutions was the number of prisons. There were fourteen, whereas today there are only five. The principal prison was Newgate. It was regarded as the best constructed, cleanest, and best managed prison in London. But in rooms measuring 23 ft. by 15 ft. as many as twenty people were confined at a time. In the part for women felons a hundred women were often confined in three small wards. In marked contrast with the severe rules now governing visitors to our prisons was the ease with which anyone could obtain admittance in those days; a trifling present to the turnkey was all that was necessary. In the Fleet prison debtors were allowed to go out as often as they liked on payment of five shillings, and after giving proper security for their return. Another debtors' prison was the Poultry Compter. A contemporary guide-book says: "It is an old brick building, very close, and in a disgracefully ruinous condition. It is about to be pulled down, and if not, it is supposed it will speedily tumble down." In addition to the prisons there were four Houses of Correction. There were also several provisional prisons, kept by sheriffs' officers, where a debtor could remain, paying a few shillings a day until his debts were paid, or until he went into a public prison. The abuses in these spunging houses had been very great, but stricter regulations were made doing away with them. There were fewer police-courts in those days. Magistrates sat daily at eleven

courts, including the Mansion House, Guildhall, Bow Street, Hatton Garden, and Wapping New Stairs; the last-named treating offences connected with shipping and the Port of London. There were twelve societies of lawyers, or Inns, as they were called. Many of the most interesting no longer exist. Furnival's Inn was on Holborn Hill; Lyon's Inn and New Inn in Wych Street, pulled down to make room for Kingsway. These small Inns, including Thavies Inn, Barnard's Inn, were dependent on the more important Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Inner Temple.

Though conditions in the hospitals were appalling compared with today, the general health of London was excellent. This was chiefly due to the abundance of good fresh food. The only article of diet which was scarce and dear was fish. Poultry was only eaten by the wealthy, but mutton and beef were very cheap. There were no less than 10,000 acres of market gardens in and near the town; so there was an abundance of fresh vegetables and fruit. Porter was the principal drink of the middle classes and the poor, and over 1,200,000 barrels of 36 gallons were brewed in London annually. There were twelve firms of brewers. Among them were the present well-known names of Meux, Barclay, and Whitbread.

Considering how little was known of hygiene a hundred years ago, and how little general care there was for cleanliness, it is surprising to think that there were eighteen public baths in various parts of the town. At all of them sea water was laid on, and vapour baths were procurable. Ordinary baths cost 1s. and 2s.; sea water 4s., and 7s. 6d. if it was hot. Vapour baths were available at 5s., and many people subscribed by the quarter or by the year for these.

There were, of course, very few churches in London a hundred years ago compared with the number existing today; but it is an astonishing fact that there were only thirteen Roman Catholic chapels (as they were called). They included the famous one in Spanish Place and one at Hampstead. On the other hand, there were no less than nineteen foreign Protestant churches, including eight German, six French, two Dutch, and one Armenian. Of the six synagogues one was Portuguese and another

Dutch. There were 136 Dissenting chapels and churches, only one being Unitarian, in Essex Street, Strand.

Besides parochial firemen and engines several big companies maintained engines and firemen; the Phœnix and Sun Fire Offices and the Royal Exchange patrolled the streets nightly, and in addition there were staffs at the offices of Messrs. Cooper in Whitechapel, Messrs. Hawes in Mansel Street, and Messrs. Slack in Gravel Lane. Four fire engines were kept, two above and two below Thames Bridge, to protect shipping. Londoners in those days did a great deal of their journeying by the river. There were regular fares for watermen from London Bridge westward or eastward. From London Bridge to Somerset House oarsmen charged 6d., and scullers 3d. Longer distances cost more. From London Bridge to Chelsea oarsmen charged 2s. 6d. and scullers 1s. 3d. Eastward the greatest distance was to Greenwich or the Isle of Dogs. This journey cost 2s. 6d. or 1s. 3d. Chairs were still used. The first hour cost 1s. and each additional hour 6d.; distances under a mile 1s. and every half mile after 6d. Chairmen were subject to the same penalties as hackney coachmen. The fares for hackney carriages have not altered to this day. They were the same as for chairmen, except that sixpence was added to the fare for every two completed miles. If the charges were by time it cost 1s. for half an hour, 2s. for an hour, 5s. for two hours, and 6d. for every fifteen minutes extra. Saddle horses could be hired for from 7s. 6d. to half a guinea for the day.

The General Post Office in Lombard Street was a very old building, dating from 1660. It had been partly rebuilt. Letters were collected daily from houses having boxes up to 5 o'clock; from 5 to 6 bellmen collected them for a fee of a penny. They could be posted at the G.P.O. from 6 to 7, and from 7 to 7.30 on paying an extra sixpence. Until 1802 any well-known person who wanted a letter returned to him which he had posted was allowed to have it on request. Mails for the East Indies had to be taken to India House. Those for the West Coast of Africa, or for various settlements in the world, were sent through the ship letter office, or by bags which awaited the sailing of ships at certain coffee-houses near the Royal Exchange. There were six collections and

deliveries of letters daily, Sundays excepted. Letters posted on Saturday night were so far as possible delivered in the country on Sunday morning. Letters cost twopence each, and only 4 oz. weight was allowed. The parcel rates were amazingly cheap. Up to 56 lb. in weight could be sent a quarter of a mile for threepence, half a mile fourpence, a mile sixpence, two miles tenpence, and threepence for every additional half mile. Any porter or person demanding more than the above rates was fined from 5s. up to £1. Parcels were dispatched from the inns. The innkeepers were obliged to send a ticket with each parcel with a full description whence it came, and the Christian and surname of the porter delivering it. Innkeepers could be fined from 10s. to £1 for failing to comply with these regulations.

Hotels were unknown in those days, but there were no less than eighty inns in London where stage coaches called daily. Among the most famous were the "Angel," Islington; the "Old White Horse Cellar," Piccadilly; the "Bolt in Tun," Fleet Street, the departing point of the Portsmouth stage coaches; the "Angel," St. Martin's-le-Grand, much frequented by Scotchmen; and the "Saracen's Head," Friday Street, from whence the Reading, Maidenhead, Bath, and Bristol coaches set forth. All these inns were renowned for the excellence of their cellars.

Family life was much more settled in those days. Domestic changes were few and far between; so it is not surprising that there were only about half a dozen house agents and the same number of registry offices for servants.

The number of morning and evening papers published in London a hundred years ago seems astonishing today. There were eight morning papers: The *Daily Advertiser, Oracle, and True Briton* being the oldest established paper. The list included the *Times* and the *Morning Post*. There were seven evening papers, the *Star* being the oldest. In addition, there were ten other evening papers published twice and thrice weekly. There were also two French papers, the *Courier d'Angleterre* and the *Gazette de la Grande Bretagne*, published every Tuesday and Friday. Evidently Londoners a hundred years ago were as eager for diversion and variety of news as they are today.

Some Conventions of the Cinema Censorship

By John Gibbons

ADMITTING, of course, that the drunkard is scarcely the proper person to be invited actually to legislate upon the sale of spirituous liquors, it has to be conceded that a certain general judgment in the matter of tippling acquired only with years of hard and practical experience occasionally qualifies him as an expert witness almost invaluable to the councils of his betters. In this capacity from time to time he appears before some committee or other, his blushing personality mercifully concealed behind the anonymity of kindly asterisks.

The idea seems on the whole so sound that one wonders why it cannot be more generally extended into other fields of inquiry. Not so very long ago, for instance, the censorship of the cinema was being discussed before the House of Lords, and as peer after peer sat down, he had apologetically to explain that he personally never went to "the pictures." One may, one hopes, have views on temperance reform without necessarily having to own oneself a perfect slave to gin! So, at least, the attitude of my lords rather suggested in simile. It seemed an occasion on which a regular habitué of the "pictures" might have made a useful witness. A mask could easily have been provided to hide his shame.

My own first fatal sip, so to speak, I well remember, thirty years or more ago though it must have been. It was in a booth at York gala, and the films, then in their infancy, ran through almost in seconds.

They were, I remember, indecent, or at least as thoroughly suggestive as the showman dared to make them. That Lord Danesfort, who was then Mr. Butcher, one of the members for York, cannot have visited that particular booth seems certain. They would assuredly have coloured his future views on the censorship. Many

miles of film history must have been made since then, but the first impressions have remained with me ever since. How long the "pictures" remained like that I have no idea, but my next memory of them is thoroughly respectable and thoroughly tedious. The tedium, however, was not compulsory, for the music-halls presented just as the audience was leaving the incomprehensible alternations of lightning-like jags and downpours of apparently torrential rain that usually made up the "turn" marked on the programme as the "Vitagraph." Next came a real picture-theatre, at first helped out by varieties. For thousands of miles a young and beautiful lady would be chased by bandits, and when at last she had either escaped or had made suitable arrangements to be continued next week, the lights would go up and permit us, as a sort of domestic relief, to watch a real professor and his performing rats. But already the bandits were in the ascendant, and the rats mere adjunct actors in their exits and their entrances. The cinema had begun.

Next the professor somehow dropped out, and the pictures assumed entire responsibility for the whole programme. The single tinkling piano grew up into a complete band, and the gentleman in Field-Admiral's uniform made his appearance at the door. The booth had turned into a palace, and the middle-class man's pocket-money began to carve out fresh channels, and his vocabulary to note down fresh phrases.

Not yet, my daughters tell me, am I the real "film fan." It may even be that now I am too old ever to expect full fanship. But the shameful truth is that of the millions of dollars of good publicity aimed at me almost the whole is wasted. Not the name of a single film star can I ever remember. This odd obtuseness I carry into other walks of daily life. The man, for instance, who drives the motor-bus is, I like to hope, a good driver who knows his job. I trust, too, that some fair share of my pennies may pass to his wage. But what perfume may be his favourite for his bath, or how often he has been divorced—these and such-like points belong, I hold, to his private life. And that some great lady or other of the films has married her fourteenth prince

strikes me equally as a matter of her own concern, or at most of her princes'. So far as my own one-and-threepence—tax included—goes, she either amuses me or she does not. In any case, I pay no extra sevenpence for the princes. My daughters hold me old-fashioned in the matter.

To my mind, the magnates of the movies waste many good dollars over me. When a whole boat-load of tired passengers on a cross-Channel steamer was held up till some great lady of film land had been duly passed through our English Custom House, I ought to have been more anxious to join the queue for the next picture that had the honour to "feature" her. Instead, I only wondered who gave the order for such almost regal priority. Some famous "cowboy" hero of the pictures arrives in London, and extra police are turned out to marshal the crowds that dog their idol's every advertised step. In Paris, they moved on the demigod within a few minutes, and then fined him ninepence as a nuisance! Some things, as Sterne said long ago, they do better in France. Horrible orgies in Hollywood ought to thrill me delightfully. Instead, they only set me wondering when our immigration authorities will have the pluck to create history by putting up the bar to "Moral Turps"—as I think the terms goes. At least it would be a change from the constant turning-out of our Mayor of Southampton, complete with his chain of ancient office, to pay a humble welcome to the last arrived movie star from across the Atlantic. All these grandeurs must cost money, and then I cannot even remember the names of the various great folks. Repression, I think, the psycho-analyst calls it. Sheer irritation might be a word too ordinary.

It is the picture, and not this or that name advertised on it, that gets my money. There was one film that drew me its forty-two separate times. What its fascination was I cannot say. If I could, presumably I should make myself a rich man tomorrow by selling the secret to Hollywood. For they do not know everything there. There was another film that I saw six times, and that was years ago. But when the movie magnates put on a new and "vastly improved" edition, I only went once. They had cut out the charm.

Such exceptions apart, there are not perhaps two films in a year that I can remember half an hour afterwards; yet I keep on going perhaps twice a week. The habit is strong, though it hardly seems to matter much what particular picture one is seeing. After all, at the very worst, one can always find an evening's interest in criticism. I used to amuse myself by picking out the grosser blunders and collecting them into a card-index.

The censorship of actual decency is no longer needed. It is thirty years ago since I saw that first picture; and perhaps matters of ordinarily decent taste hardly fall under the present list of censor's duties. "Upstairs, my daughter, we keep an even more marvellous miracle-working Madonna," seems scarcely the sentence of a priest of the Middle Ages! But scores of similar instances could be adduced. Religion, by the way, seems a good advertisement, and the great ladies of film-land, they say, value their art so highly that to steep their minds, as it were, in the right atmosphere for certain pictures they will even sacrifice the usual luxuries of their semi-regal lives and retire for a few months into a convent. To the man in the street it sounds like rubbish, and blasphemous rubbish at that. If the ladies do take their art so very much to heart, one might suggest that an easier way of initiation might be to—cut their nails! For as queen or cave-woman, nun or *cocotte*, they invariably portray the same exaggerated freaks of manicure. Of the "art," however, the outsider is incompetent to speak. The flights of imagery in which the Special Cinema Correspondent discusses the different "periods" of this, that, or the other "comic," with all the rapture that he might be devoting to a Botticelli, are frankly above the head of the common man who only pays his shilling to be amused.

Why, one wonders, when the film magnates spend the millions they say to ensure accuracy, cannot they spare half a guinea or so to have their titles translated into English? "American Understood Here" used to be the notice over an enterprising London tobacconist's shop. After a few visits to the pictures, one sees the point. An emperor's signature on the films once impressed me. Were documents of State really ever signed "Queen

Victoria the First?" As the common man whose only business is to pay at the box, I dare offer no opinion. For the film-men, they say themselves, spend years of costly research in getting every detail right. It seemed odd, though, that, after spending so many millions on a Napoleon film, the hero's name should have been spelled wrong. "Buonaparte" it used to be in his early years. When he Frenchified the spelling, he changed his luck, he said. It may have been a little point that the magnates must have missed. But they could have found it in the first encyclopædia provided by the nearest free library.

How many picture-goers have ever counted the number of their film-heroes with an odd little twist of the lip? To the doctor, it stands for a certain nervous disease, the sign of the hysteria that makes a particular type of "star," but it is interesting to see it "featured" by the strong silent man of millions. So common is it that to the close observer it almost counts as a regular convention of the screen. There are, of course, others. All earls and lords and sirs, for instance, wear their dress-clothes all the time. The probable reason is that they have never the time to change them, sitting up all night, as they invariably have to, for the purpose of "nobbling" each other's racehorses. The experienced picture-goer, however, will be well aware that the senior earl's daughter will at the last moment secure somebody else's riding-breeches and so save the ancestral château by galloping her lover's horse to victory in the Derby. All will come well just about the time that the Field-Admiral outside begins to admit the second-house queue. Whether the convention adds or not to the dignity of the British peerage is another matter.

Another convention deals with saluting in the Services, every order being punctuated by scores of salutes from all ranks carried out with a machine-gun rapidity that must be extraordinarily fatiguing. It is this feature that probably accounts for troops so often having to sit down while performing this part of their duties. Who, by the way, exactly has the authority to turn out real troops for the cinema? The point must often occur to the habitué. The great War Films, of course—Mons, Ypres, and the rest—stand apart, but how about the

undoubtedly real soldiers so often to be seen in quite ordinary pictures, run by ordinary American producers for ordinary profit? That British troops can be turned out, all the world knows, for was there not one famous magnate who ordered out an English battalion to escort a precious film of his own making? But what happens, one wonders, if the country wanted its army at the same time that some promoter had ordered it? Does the point go to arbitration?

The high politics of combines and trusts, stars and block-bookings, are, of course, not for the man in the street, nor, indeed, is he generally sure what the last really mean. At a guess, one hazards that it is meant to make him pay for something he does not want to see, and one admires the colossal ingenuity that thinks it can do it. The only film "politics" that the outsider can be allowed to see are those inconsiderable international trifles that, having no direct bearing on hard dollars, can scarcely count in the real movie-land. America, for instance, presents some "Big Noise" film, and tells us that it stands for the late Great War. We object, but naturally no notice is taken. This is intelligible enough. For Britain's job is merely to pay its admission money. Another famous film is shown, and the French Ambassador very mildly draws attention to a grave misrepresentation of his country, and again nobody takes the faintest notice. This is less intelligible, however, for when still another famous film is revived, and the German Embassy takes exception to this, that, and the other part of it, instant "cutting" is decreed. One wonders what the real principle is.

The cinema, the magnates say, is international. It is only the hard dollars that count. Why, then, cannot they be trusted at least to count fairly? And if no authority of censorship exists by which we can in our own country be master of the ordinary decencies, then why again, the common man wonders, is not one invented?

The trouble is that there is nobody to answer his questions. He is, one sees, the common man whose only business it is to pay.

Whose Footprints?

By W. Gilhespy

It hath been said that the men of Sind are like unto their own camels, being slothful and with little understanding. Yet was there one who gained a great reputation for zeal and wisdom; also is his memory revered for his piety and integrity.

A puggee (tracker) was he, and there are none to compare with the trackers of Sind. Once there was but little cultivation there. Then the British sent their engineers who looked at the aching emptiness of the desert through marvellous instruments. Allah alone knoweth what they saw therein, but they said in their wisdom: "Here and here shall the mighty Indus be curbed and harnessed, and there and there shall we guide her teeming waters that the desert shall become a fruitful garden." Ere they came there was but bare, sun-scorched land over which the Sindis led their flocks to feed on such scant herbage as could be found. He whose beasts strayed or were stolen must follow their hoof prints or lose them. Thus did the trackers learn their art.

As the barren plains were turned into green cornfields the Sindis grew fatter and more prosperous. So likewise did the cattle thieves and the British sent more police to catch them. Yet they would have been helpless had they not employed trackers.

These men could follow the tracks of a stolen beast, even had it been driven through a herd of many hundreds. Also many of them knew the pugs of the more notorious thieves and could say: "This is the track of this thief or that," and seldom erred. Abdullah of the keen vision and the marvellous memory never erred. The time came when even the judges, to whom Allah hath given great understanding in order that they may sift a little truth from a multitude of lies, learned that this humble Sindi spoke words of truth and wisdom.

Thus, when Kurram Chand the moneylender beat a clerk who had robbed him so that he died, and threw the body down the well, the puggees were sent for. Each swore that the footprints of a man who had dragged a body to the well were those of Kurram Chand.

"Moreover, it is known that he beat the lad twice

before and the books show how he was robbed. Yet," begged the inspector, "it will be well that the Jemedar Abdullah were brought here. These puggees are poor and Kurram Chand hath great store of ill-gotten gains. Will not his brothers offer great bribes to these witnesses that they may give false evidence or even speak truth in such a hesitating manner that the judge sahib will not believe him?"

So the inspector sent the message that runs along the wire with the speed of the lightning and Abdullah came. The murderer's footprints had been covered with boxes so that the winds might not cover them with sand; moreover they were watched by policemen that none might destroy them, and were shown to Abdullah.

The great jail yard was swept smooth in order that fresh footprints might be clearly seen. While Abdullah was kept outside, Kurram Chand was allowed to choose his own place among a hundred others, while a magistrate watched the proceedings. Then the line of men walked across the yard and, when they had gone, Abdullah was called and looked at the tracks.

"This," said he, when he had seen some sixty tracks, "is the same footprint that I saw near the well." And he pointed to the track made by Kurram Chand.

He returned to his home and the next day Kurram Chand's brothers sent their agents to bribe him. They offered him a bribe of a thousand rupees—more than he could have earned by many years of honest toil—and he scorned them and their bribe. Of a truth, my son, there are faithful followers of the Prophet in every tribe and in every country.

They raised their price, as do men who buy and sell cattle, but Abdullah could not be bought and sold like a plough bullock. They raised it again and again, dangling great wealth before that poor Sindi. But his honour was beyond purchase and wrathfully he bade them begone. They went.

They went, but they returned while the puggee slept outside his hut in the sultry heat of a summer night in upper Sind. Ere the sun rose the women were beating their breasts and neighbours heard them wail: "Abdullah is dead. Abdullah is dead, seek ye those who slew him. Abdullah is dead. Abdullah is dead, is dead; is dead, is dead."

WHOSE FOOTPRINTS?

Abdullah was not dead, but the doctor who rode many miles on a swift camel to succour him knew that, unless Allah gave instant aid, all his skill might not stay the hand of death. Abdullah's friends gathered and, four by four, they carried him to the hospital nor stopped except when the doctor gave the stricken man the medicine which kept the lamp of life still dimly flickering.

By the mercy of the Compassionate Abdullah lived to be helped into the House of Justice, which was also the House of Doom for Kurram Chand. It became known that he had chosen poverty and risked death rather than be *nimak-haraam* (false to his salt), and they who prized fidelity above riches did him honour.

Faithfully he served the sirkar (government) and, by reason of his wonderful memory and marvellous skill, he was sent for whenever great crimes had been committed. Therefore, when a rich Hindu was robbed and slain in his house near the Indus, Abdullah was called to see the footprints of those who had killed him. It has been said that the Sindi criminal is a fool, and true it is that they set forth on their errands of evil barefoot, leaving tracks that have sent many to the scaffold.

"Two of these men I know," said Abdullah, and gave their names. One had been already arrested and the other was quickly found. "The third track I cannot remember, though I have seen it before."

He went away puzzled and dissatisfied. It was seldom that he failed to remember the name of a man whose footprint he had once seen. Yet he knew that he had seen that track a thousand times and tried in vain to remember where.

The police also were dissatisfied, for the murdered man was a wealthy Hindu who had been of high principle and honoured among his fellows. They called together all who had ever been the associates of those who were already charged with the murder. They brought forward all who had ever served in the house of the slain—even his own relations came willingly in order that the mystery might be cleared. Yet none of them left footprints like those of the man they sought.

The day of the trial drew near and still Abdullah's mind was weary for that he could not remember where he had seen that footprint that had been shown him.

Still his eyes sought the ground while he walked, as is ever the custom with those who track stolen cattle, or seek those men who have done evil and are being hunted.

He had tracked some thieves across the border and seen them arrested by the police of this land, for many Baluchi criminals raid in Sind. As he reached Larkhana he saw the footprints which had puzzled him so long. He followed them to the railway station and there they were lost.

He hailed the railway police and bade them cover the tracks, then he sent a message to the police who had charge of the murder inquiry. They brought their own puggees, who travelled every road round Larkhana, finding the same track here and there, but finding nothing more. The man they sought had been there, thousands must have seen him, yet who besides puggees would look at the track a man leaves in the dust by the roadside, or know that keen-eyed police sought him ?

Though they knew that it was almost as easy to track a swallow in the air as to follow one who leaves a footprint near a railway station, and may travel by rail ten miles or a thousand ere he leaves another, they continued the search, those tireless trackers. Two of them watched the road near Oodherolal station, where there was a great fair to which many thousands of pious worshippers went, also many traders, besides men of evil life. Wearily they turned away when the last passenger had made his way to temple or fair-ground and lo, by the side of the road they saw the track of the man they sought.

All that day they searched. From the fair-ground to the temple and back, from the plain where dealers bought and sold camels, to where gamblers cheated the foolish went they. Cunningly they followed the gamblers and their associates, eagle eyes watching the tracks those rogues left. Once and again they found the same footprint, but never did they learn who had made it.

On the day of the trial Abdullah saw the track outside the court-house and knew why memory had failed him. He knew the man and his tracks so well that he had ceased to observe them closely, even as one scarce glances at the dish from which he eats the food provided by Allah.

Since sons of Eblis had left him for dead and he had been preserved by the mercy of the Compassionate to

confound those evildoers who had sought his life, the fame which he had never desired came to him. Many passed slowly by, wicked men casting sour glances upon him, but the police inspector and men of rank pausing to greet him kindly and show him honour. Still his eyes scanned the footprints of all who went that way.

At last the prisoners were led into the dock to be tried for the life, and Abdullah sat him down beneath a tree to wait till his name should be called. Then was his heart made glad and he gave praise to the Merciful.

To him came his son, Allahdin, after long estrangement. The lad had left his father's house in anger after Abdullah had spoken sternly to him for having been seen with a woman of evil life.

Now the son bowed his head in the dust and admitted his error, craving his father's forgiveness. Abdullah could no longer see the shadows of the branches above him as they played round his son's bowed head, for there was a tender mist in his eyes and his heart sang praises to Him who had turned the youth's heart from folly.

Gladly he embraced him, bidding him make his peace with Allah and be ready to return home when the court was closed. Then his name was called and he rose to obey the summons. As he walked he saw footprints in the dust. They were those which had been left near the house of death by him who was still sought for murder. Eagerly he followed them to the tree, and grim fear clutched his heart strings when he saw that they had been made by his son.

For a space of time in which one might repeat the morning prayer he stood like one who looks into the grave of his fondest hopes. His heart had turned to water and he stood with bowed head, unable even to pray. Again his name was called.

"It is kismet," he said, and entered the court house. Taking the name of Allah he solemnly affirmed that he would speak the truth, the whole truth, and naught besides.

Oh, my son, He who scans the hearts of men alone might measure the depths of that father's woe. Think of the ordeal that awaited him. His own son guilty of murder and *his* the tongue to proclaim his guilt. *His* the hand to drag him to the greedy gallows.

Yet there was a way of escape. Who, besides himself knew? Verily, Allah knew. Yet, would Allah demand such a sacrifice in that hour when father and son had been reconciled?

These and a thousand thoughts ran through his mind as he gave his evidence, simply and truthfully, as he had ever done. Still, swifter than the lightning that pierces the clouds, fresh thoughts scorched his heart as he prepared to answer the questions that *might* come.

The lawyer who sought to prove that those evil ones were guiltless put cunning questions to the puggee, but to him who speaketh the truth boldly fear cometh not, and he answered each question calmly.

He knew the two prisoners as men who had often been convicted, he said, and recognized their footprints at once. No, no one had given him their names beforehand.

And while he was speaking he prayed that this vakeel (lawyer) with the long tongue would sit and leave him at peace, but still the questions came.

"There was a third man at the house where the murder was committed?"

"I saw the footprints of a third man, but I did not recognize them."

"He was sought for?"

"The police searched most diligently. I also."

"Hast thou seen them since?"

"I saw them near Larkhana and sent the swift message to the police."

The vakeel was asking questions that did not help the doomed men in the dock, yet did he continue after all hope was dead, for such is the way of paid talkers.

"Were those footprints those of a criminal?"

"Allah alone knoweth," answered the tortured man, praying with all his strength that there might be an end to the questions. Above all things else he desired time—time to think.

"Hast thou seen those footprints since then?"

The puggee had but to answer with a lie and the questions would have ceased. Yet some hidden power dragged the truth through his faltering lips.

"I have seen them."

"When?"

"As I came into court."

"Whose footprints are they?"

Then it was that a brave man's courage failed. Think, my son, what a choice was his. To send his son to a shameful death or to lie. To be false to the principles he had instilled into that lad's heart or see him dragged to the condemned cell. Think of the agony he endured as all in that crowded court awaited his answer in dead silence. Like a deer on whom the ruthless hounds are gaining fast his despairing eyes glanced around for a way of escape. They rested on the felons in the dock and in that moment he resolved to lie. *His* child should not stand on the scaffold and be hurled into a murderer's grave in company with such spawn of Satan.

"Whose footprints were they?"

The puggee lowered his eyes as though to hide the anguish and the shame that looked out of them, the shame and despair that seared his tortured soul. He swallowed hard as he tried to utter the lie his heart had framed. Then——

"Whose footprints are they?"

It was the white man in the seat of judgment who spoke now, calmly and with power, as beseemeth one in whose hands lies the issue of life and death, life and death—and more. The level tones of him who stood for truth and justice had the power to inspire courage and bid dishonour flee.

"Whose footprints are they?"

"My lord, they are those of my firstborn, Allahdin."

There followed a silence like that of the tomb. Even the judge lowered his eyes that he might not see the crushing sorrow that looked out of those of the grief-stricken father. Then the police inspector rose and spoke.

"My lord, this matter has been cleared. Allahdin's master sent him with a message to him who was murdered and he returned with a letter just before the guilty ones arrived, thus are his footprints accounted for. This we learned but yesterday."

Allahdin and his father left the court hand in hand, and with them went the peace which Allah alone can give.

The Wind

By M. R. Betts

Poor little wistful stranger-thing,
With dusty feet and draggled wing,
What news, I wonder, do you bring?

Come you from stars that I have seen,
  Remembered dawns, and springs I know?
From garden sunsets dim and green
  With golden daffodils aglow?

(Oh! but your pretty shining hair
  Is tossed and stained and, worst of all,
Fouled with the smells that drug the air
  Held stagnant by the gaudy wall.)

Come you from roads that once I trod?
  From windy headland, sunny sea?
From dewsweet clover, rainsweet sod?
  Or twilights that kept faith with me?

You bring no healing, only pain.
Go home and ask the upland rain
To kiss your sweet feet clean again.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Transatlantic Flights

The drone of a large aeroplane moving southward had faded away, and Heddle resumed his task of repolishing the glasses.

"There's no knowing where them things will stop nowadays," said he.

"You're right," said Sergeant Murphy. "It may be in the middle of the English Channel; it may be on top of a gasometer; it may be in a hayfield. That's why the railway company still dhraws from me more than I can afford whin I take me holidays. You may be shaken up like an indigistion mixture but delivery is guaranteed."

"I don't mean what you mean," said Heddle, perplexed. "I mean that aeroplanes seem to be able to go anywhere now—crossing the Atlantic and what not."

"They do that," replied the Sergeant. "The shores of both sides of the Atlantic is lined with aeroplanes ready to make the trip. New records are goin' to be created. Soon you'll hear that Mr. Somebody is the first wan-legged man to cross and that Tessie Somebody Else is the pioneer among shingled heroines that have done the thrick. New rules of the air are bein' broadcast. Whin the fellah in front of you signals with his right hand, it means he's turnin' off towards Cuba or maybe Mexico—if he's heavily insured. An upward jerk of the rudder means 'Pass overhead. I'm makin' a forced descint to light me pipe or adjust me sock suspenders.' And so on. They'll have polismin on point duty seein' that heavy aeroplanes don't occupy the crown of the road, and fellahs in aeroplane charabancs will be warned agen throwin' empty beer bottles out.

"At least that's what's goin' to happen soon if ye're to believe all the foolish talk in the papers or the after-dinner speeches of min who've had a thrial flight on Blackpool sands."

"But there's no gettin' away from the fact that the Atlantic has been crossed," said Heddle doggedly. "And what men have done they can do again, can't they?"

"I don't know," said the Sergeant. "There was a

fellah the other day at Stamford Bridge ran a mile in four minutes twinty seconds. All the same if he had to catch a thrain at a station a mile away and had only eight minutes to do it in, he'd call for a taxi. It takes more than half a dozen swallows to make a summer. Besides, even if thransatlantic aeroplanes was as plintiful as insurance canvassers I don't see that it's goin' to do anythin' towards makin' this world wan flowerin' paradise.

"Suppose instead of doin' the journey in thirty hours they could do it in thirty minutes, what then? I can get to Peckham Rye in half an hour, and I'm not goin'. To listen to people talkin' about air-thransport you'd think that everybody's aim in life was to get somewhere else."

"That's all very fine," said Heddle, "but if people came to know one another, they wouldn't be likely to go to war with one another and——"

"Heddle," interrupted the Sergeant, "I won't blame ye for that foolish notion. You've read it somewhere and you've kidnapped it. It's like that sayin'—emanatin', I fancy, from some graduate of Colney Hatch, that to know all is to forgive all. Why, if everybody knew everything about everybody else, the world would be wan universal free fight.

"Similarly whin people keep their distance, they have a respect, more or less, for wan another. Whin they come close enough to see wan another's weaknesses and differences, the thrain is laid for an early scrap.

"As long as I don't know anny Brazilian, I think they're chaps like meself, only addicted to sunburn which is an unknown complaint in this counthry. But if wan of thim comes into a teashop in London, with a hat like a tint on his head, and ear-rings, and starts eatin' steak and kidney pie with two knives, I begin to disthrust and dislike him. Probably only for the two knives I'd go to the floor with him.

"No, Heddle. What Providence has kept asundher let no man bring together. The Frinch and the Germans have been neighbours for hundhreds of years, and the only time they haven't been at wan another's throats has been whin wan party was either in hospital or convalescent."

The Home Theatre from Abroad

By Horace Shipp

For the English theatre enthusiast travelling abroad, or at least travelling in Central and Northern Europe, there arise inevitable and odious comparisons between our theatre and theirs. The French, for all the brilliance of their acting and the advantage of their one or two endowed theatres, seem to be in like case with ourselves, if report be true, for one of their most brilliant dramatists and critics, M. Tristan Bernard, has just launched a complaint against the poverty of the theatrical year. In Paris, however, the scheme of M. Gernier for a season of international guest companies has given a needed excitement to a season otherwise rather dull.

With the French the trouble as with us is rather one of attitude, although they take their theatre a little more seriously than we do ours. Writing from Vienna, where the very theatre buildings are palaces, with the memory behind me of the theatrical and dramatic-musical activities of Frankfort, of Munich, and of Salzburg, and the prospect of Prague, Dresden, Leipzig, and the tremendous Theater Ausstellung at Magdeburg, this difference of attitude forces itself. There seems nothing haphazard, nothing left to chance, nothing treated as being mere amusement, and therefore not of adult seriousness other than in its commercial significance. The theatre is an important part of the life of the people, and is duly respected, organized, housed, and where need arises, endowed. Alongside this, what might be called "official," theatre exists the theatre of light amusement and lesser social significance. That is well. Amusement and *divertissement* have become a part of our civilization and must be catered for. Art is another matter and needs serious attention and organization. The trouble in England is that we regard it as a chance product of the amusement, whilst in the Scandinavian and Central European countries it is held to be part of the cultural heritage.

Last year, by chance, our system gave us a number of classics and important modern works; this year it has yielded practically nothing, although, as I write, my English newspaper shows me that Strindberg is being courageously played out at the Everyman Theatre. The æsthetic honours of the year have gone to visiting companies: the Russian Ballet, the International Opera Company, and the Chauve Souris. Mr. Nigel Playfair, at his Hammersmith house, has succeeded again in presenting something of worthy artistic standard, and delightfully amusing withal; the Forum Theatre Guild has given us *The Dybbuk*, and the Old Vic. has saved us from complete neglect of Shakespeare. That, I submit, is not too good a record for the greatest city of our Empire, with over forty theatres working continually.

In truth, the rapidly spreading system of repertory and art theatres in the provinces, heroically organized and sacrificially manned by real enthusiasts for the drama, is the cultural hotbed of the English theatre, but the economic and structural conditions under which it works in most cases are such as to break hearts even if they make history.

Across here so much is done, outside the general work even of the specially constituted cultural theatres, by the creation of artificial centres of interest. The festival idea, once sacred to Bayreuth and Wagner, the organization of great exhibitions and fairs, with the theatre as an inevitable and integral concomitant, are the means used. Thus, although the towns may show an end-of-summer slackness and the normal theatrical life become suspended, new centres of excitement are created, and the great interpretative artists, actors, and singers, producers and players presented to world publics attracted to special places.

The "Music in the Life of the People" Exhibition at Frankfort provides such a centre. There has probably never been so vast and complete an exhibition of everything to do with music, and our own Wembley Exhibition alone is comparable. Erected and decorated in forms governed by the "constructivist" art which is the dominant note of contemporary applied art in Central Europe and which aims at showing the separate essential parts

of the construction in obvious amalgamation, great new buildings housed the exhibition, and about it the opera in the stately opera house, as well as the visiting companies to the actual exhibition, throve and functioned.

At Munich, in connection with yet another exhibition, this time of handwork and industry, an operatic and theatrical festival had been organized on an enormous scale. At Salzburg we were caught up in the Mozart Festival, which makes that town every August the Mecca of the theatrical-musical world. We saw a Reinhardt production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, staged with the magnificence of artistry and the consciousness in actual production which are the typical Reinhardt. The Festspielhaus in which it was played, built last year as a co-operate effort by foremost artists, architects, and theatre men, is itself an exquisite work of art. We saw, too, the Reinhardt production of *Jedermann* in the open air on a specially erected stage before the cathedral. Moissi, the foremost German actor, played the title rôle, and the company, as in *The Dream*, were of the first rank. The production of *Don Juan* at the State Theatre was again unsparingly fine, the smallest parts played by artists of international reputation. So production upon production, with first-rate concerts and recitals as background.

Reviewing the home theatre from abroad these things constitute a challenge. They can be done. Mozart, for all his charm, is less than Shakespeare, yet what comparison is there between our own summer festival and this? It is first of all a change of attitude which we need, a determination to take this cultural life seriously and to value at least our English heritage of great drama, and the rest shall be added unto us.

Books

HISTORY AND MEMOIR

DEMOCRACY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By T. R. GLOVER. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

DR. GLOVER is one of the fortunate scholars who have the Promethean touch. His keen vision and excellent powers of exposition make the ancient world live again for us. The first four sections of his book were delivered as lectures in the United States, and the lecturer's business is, as he hints, different from the historian's. He has to hold his audience by comment which may be adventurous, and to stress points which the cold, scientific historian sets out and leaves with little illumination. Only a pedant will object to these diversions or concentrate on obscure points like the primitive dispute about the blood-price which Homer has added to the Shield of Achilles. In Thersites Dr. Glover finds the germ of democracy, and representatives of his temper are still with us. Public opinion in these early days was only "somebody" who will say something, and this anonymous criticism has been called the beginning of newspapers. When we come to Athens, we wonder today if the gift of democracy to the world, which for long we have been accustomed to praise, was not a Greek gift after all. Dr. Glover holds up to admiration the bright side of the Athenian democracy, but what would the perpetual and irresponsible M.P.'s of Athens have been without Pericles, of whom little is said? Such leaders have always been rare, while Cleons, all the more dangerous for a veneer of the manners and ideals of Pericles, are numerous. Fourth-century Athens may be regarded as "not such a bad place"—probably in morality it was superior to its more brilliant predecessor—but

> picture a society where the following sentence is possible in a law court: "You must reflect that, if you do not condemn whom they bid you condemn, there will be no State pay for you."

It is not unfair to say that the Greeks were much better at theory than practice, and, when we come to Rome, which could and did govern, we have no safe early history to rely on, and cannot find anything so definite as a democratic party in existence. Outstanding men used the people for their own purposes, which may sometimes be called democratic, but often not. The Cynic movement in philosophy, which includes the important school of Stoicism, reacted from democratic ideas when it found the unit in the individual, not in the State, as Dr. Glover tells us. One of his vivid generalizations is that "the Roman Empire fell, in the long run, because nobody could govern it except civil servants and soldiers, and they began by governing it too well." The provinces—those unwieldy provinces so useful to a commercial

empire—were a great and increasing trouble. A vigorous account of Cæsar does him justice as a man with views for the future besides personal ambition. He was at any rate the only man strong enough to make anything out of a decaying Government, and many will hold that he had as much right to choose his own way as Napoleon had when he took the French Revolution in hand and ended it. Dr. Glover concludes that democracy, of all forms of government, "asks the most of men, and calls for the highest of loyalties." History still leaves these qualifications an almost hopeless ideal, but it is to be hoped that no democracy which is, according to the bitter French saying, an "aristocracy of blackguards" will last long. Today the world is all knit together; the limited Utopias of philosophers are clearly impossible, and empire is a big fact, a problem that has to be faced.

Dr. Glover's book is full not only of the wise views of classical experts, but also of modern instances, which suggest thought, if not always assent. One reflection which occurs to a thinking mind is that ancient democracies, whatever their other trials may have been, were free from the danger of being governed by newspapers.

V. R.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON: A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By S. BRODETSKY. Methuen. 5s.

THIS is an excellent short memoir by a specialist who understands the arcana of science and mathematics and knows that they have to be moderated for the general reader. Newton's chief discoveries and activities are well described. As an academic light at Cambridge, which he did not enter till he was nineteen, he was fortunate in obtaining early recognition. Barrow at Trinity looked after him and resigned a professorship for his benefit. To Halley was due the credit of paying for the publication of the "Principia," which the Royal Society ought to have brought out. Newton's quarrels with other savants were, perhaps, inevitable, especially as he had a way of delaying the publication of his researches. Generous in giving, he was casual about his way of living, and his portrait at Trinity shows him in a dressing-gown. Prof. Brodetsky describes him in his young days as a normal young man, but later he reached that curious state of absorption in study which separates a man, and particularly a mathematician, from his fellows, if it does not, as Gibbon suggested, atrophy the finer feelings. He had no sense of humour and no passion, except for research; but his practical ability was well shown in his work at the Mint, which put him above pecuniary anxieties. That appointment reduced the scandal—too common in this country—of grossly inadequate rewards for great thinking, and enabled him to enjoy an honoured old age.

ART AND ANECDOTE: RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM FREDERICK YEAMES, R.A., HIS LIFE AND HIS FRIENDS. By M. H. STEPHEN SMITH. With 20 illustrations. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

THE anecdotal art of Yeames has lost some of its repute, but this pleasant book by his niece, who was his model more than once, gives a very agreeable idea of his personality. He moved among a group of artists that included Fred Walker and Leighton, and their bright spirits produced a host of fun and stories. Not all of these are new to us, but they may be to the latest generation. Yeames came of a family distinguished in Russia, and had memories of many great people abroad. He records that Napoleon liked talking to an English red-haired beauty, but always dismissed her with "Va, petite Angleterre, je te haïs." He saw Byron's Giuccioli still very handsome at past fifty, and the future Napoleon III in a mean street in London, where he kept a large eagle. We are told that the artist could not work well "to order," but he seems to have succeeded in producing several posthumous portraits of people he had never seen. The most amusing story exhibits Swinburne trying to find his own hat at a club and stamping on all those that did not fit.

Several reproductions of pictures remind us of Yeames's popular successes, and there are some charming pen sketches by Fred Walker.

FICTION

TWILIGHT SLEEP. By EDITH WHARTON. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

NONE of the novels in which the deadening influences of hedonism and free divorce on wealthy youth are depicted has given us a more expressive example than Mrs. Wharton's latest heroine. Lita Wyant, with her temperamental vagaries, provides the chief of several disturbing influences which vivify Mrs. Wharton's study of modern New York in its best-advertised phases. But while Lita supplies the more stirring attractions, her mother-in-law, Mrs. Manford, is the most completely realized character. Possessed of abundant money made by her father out of bicycles, cars, and mining ventures, she busies herself from dawn to midnight in planning and supporting schemes for the betterment of humanity in general and herself in particular. Every new specialist in psychic healing, physical training, or face-massage secures her temporary enthusiasm and a share of her dollars. Her philanthropy is only limited by her avoidance of any personal contact with suffering or poverty. The most diverting incident is her opening of an address on the beauty of unrestricted maternity, with a passage on the advantages of birth control, learnt by heart for delivery on a subsequent occasion.

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THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

42, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

This recalls a familiar story from our own Law Courts; and Mrs. Manford got out of the mess as the barrister did, by explaining, when the mistake was realized, that she was anticipating the arguments of those who "appeared on the other side."

KITTY LESLIE AT THE SEA. By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

KITTY was a wife who, with her family, occupied a pleasant holiday house in Cornwall, and the holidays were marked by a series of half-humorous, half-amazing adventures and excitements. The guests, asked and unasked, who crowded into the house made a series of difficulties, and when a lot of the family slept out in the open, a bull got loose in the night. Kitty herself, still a pretty woman, was not disinclined to accept manly admiration in the absence of her husband, but glad when he returned and put his foot down about the encumbrances. The book, with a tendency to farce here and there, is decidedly amusing and sometimes witty. It includes some frank husband-hunting, which seems to be the fashion—in fiction, at any rate—and does not strike an elder reader as agreeable. But the author, with real insight into the relations of men and women, has kept clear of the revelations which make us sick, and produced a real holiday book.

MRS. MASON'S DAUGHTERS. By MATHILDE EIKER. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.

THIS book has been written and printed in the United States, and revels in American idioms. If these "locutions" become popular in England, our language is doomed. The announcements on the cinema screens have done quite enough harm to our prose. Why cannot captions and novels be translated into English?

But we persevered against these handicaps and were rewarded. The book is a powerful, sordid study of the lower-middle-class girl who has to earn her living in New York. It is not in the same class as the novels of Gissing, but still interesting. Mrs. Mason has three daughters; the eldest is Fernanda, who, at the age of thirty-four, promises to marry a fellow-teacher, a feckless creature, but is saved from an uncongenial union by her mother's illness. The doctor who tends the mother is Fernanda's next attraction; he is a married man, but she finds herself in his arms, none the less, and some time after finds a daughter in her own arms. She is bored by the doctor, and rejects his offer of marriage, starting instead a successful teashop. The second daughter, Pauline, is chillsome; she endeavours to seduce a priest and, failing, takes the veil. The third is Bernadette, who married early and lives in poverty, producing many children. Her husband is unfaithful to her and she marries again after divorce.

BOOKS

TRAVEL

PEOPLES AND PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC. By J. MACMILLAN BROWN. Two vols. Fisher Unwin. £2 10s.

FEW people have travelled so widely in and about the necklace of archipelagoes of the Southern Pacific as Professor Macmillan Brown, of New Zealand, and no one has studied more closely the racial origins, characteristics, culture, and customs of the many types of human beings who inhabit them. His present work contains a complete and very interesting description of the past and present conditions of life in the various groups of islands, which he classifies under the geographical headings of Melanesia, Micronesia, and Polynesia. Ethnologists, anthropologists, and sociologists will find in these volumes a mine of facts and first-hand information. Particularly attractive to the general reader are the chapters which deal with the legends and folk-lore of Hawaii, the mysterious ruins of a great stone city on the reef of Ponapé; the romance of Pele and Mawi; the inexplicable monuments of Easter Island; and the wizard of Yap. Scientists may find, in these and other chapters, matter for learned argument. Not all are likely to accept, for instance, Professor Brown's theory as to the Indo-European origin of the Ainu language, or to share his conclusions concerning "Blondism" (a dreadful word) and its causes in the Pacific. If one who is no expert in these matters may be allowed to judge by those chapters in which Professor Brown forsakes them to venture out upon the troubled waters of world politics, his arguments would appear to be lacking at times in that severe caution and precision upon which the scientific mind insists, and some of his conclusions are unsatisfactory, for the reason that he himself contradicts them. Thus, for example, he maintains in one passage that the United States "with its unbroken seaboard, has no great breeding ground for sailors," and will have "to avoid sea conflicts"; yet, in the next chapter, he justly observes that, in the early years of the nineteenth century, "the New England coasts, broken into many coves and bays, formed the natural breeding ground for the marine of the United States, then one of the foremost maritime nations." Passages such as this, presumably written at different times for publication in different journals, are apt to create an impression of somewhat hasty compilation. But the book as a whole is very good reading and fittingly illustrated with numerous photographs.

J. O. P. BLAND.

ISLANDS OF QUEEN WILHELMINA. By VIOLET CLIFTON. With an introduction by Lord Dunsany, sixty-six illustrations and a map. Constable. 18s.

MRS. CLIFTON went with her husband round the islands from Sumatra to Celebes, and aided by their own sense of enterprise

and excellent Dutch steamers, they saw a great deal of the beauty and strangeness of these regions. The natives, whose habits have been softened by Christianity and Dutch rule, were kindly, if occasionally a little oppressive in their desire for a close view of white people. Mrs. Clifton does not attempt a precise record of all that was done. She writes in an admirably vivid way which brings to us sights and sounds, scents and dangers—a yellow snake in the jungle or a tree whose juice can kill. Particularly quaint is the account of the island of Salibaboe, north of Celebes, where the native ruler was relentless about keeping his people up to work. He did not understand the power of sympathy, which Mrs. Clifton takes to be a Western virtue unknown to Orientals. She has it herself abundantly, and, while she helps, makes the best of everything, including a fever and a servant as sleepy as the fat boy in "Pickwick." We find her doing a lot of cooking and winning through many a hardship by a kind of mental exaltation. Languor and inertia, where the means of life are so easy, catch hold of many. Some readers will know from Wallace s book the wonders to be expected in these islands, and Mrs. Clifton's impressions do striking justice to them. Lord Dunsany's brief and clever introduction includes a Latin commonplace, which he calls a touch of gaudiness. But why alter the ancient and familiar gold to a misquotation?

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Vols. III and IV. Dent. Eight vols. £3 3s.

THESE later volumes of Hakluyt's collections are full of interest, though the official documents of Queen Elizabeth are tediously lengthy on occasion. Her commission to London merchants to trade in Turkey in 1581 runs to some 3,600 words, and another to English merchants in the Levant is over 6,000 words. The merchants and explorers themselves are less wordy, though apt to improve the occasion about the excesses of foreigners, and especially women. The ladies of Venice and Mecca are abused as equally reprehensible. The various documents show a wonderful eye for business and an admirable courage in difficulties. Colours which can be cheaply produced with native dyes are to be exchanged against novel goods, and anything that may profit the English clothing trade is to be brought over. Woollen yarn and saffron are acknowledged to be supreme in this country, and among the things successfully imported are named the damask rose, artichokes, apricots, and the "seed of tobacco." There are several wonderful stories, as of the Patriarch of Greece, who drank the most deadly poison on a challenge from certain Hebrews and got no hurt, though he remained ever after a little pale. A traveller into "the East India, and beyond the Indies," supplies a curious account of elephants and the methods by which they

are secured and tamed. Drake, in 1587, acquainted "the English nation more generally with the particularities of the exceeding riches and wealth of the East Indies" by taking a "Portugale carak" with all its rich booty, and taught others that "caracks were no such bugs [things to be feared] but that they might be taken." These two short quotations show the freedom of spelling at the time, which occasionally requires some ingenuity in the reader. We notice a dialogue designed to bring out the chief points of the "Chinian Kingdom," including "that earthen or pliable matter commonly called porcellan," and curious details of the rites and superstitions of Japan. Being thoroughly English, explorers were duly shocked at any way of life different from their own.

SCIENCE

RELATIVITY, AN EXPOSITION WITHOUT MATHEMATICS. By PROFESSOR JAMES RICE.
THE EARTH, THE SUN, AND THE MOON. By GEORGE FORBES, F.R.S.
CHEMISTRY. By PERCY E. SPIELMANN, PH.D. Benn. 6d. each.

IN his little book on Relativity Professor Rice has succeeded admirably with an extremely complex subject. In terse and lucid prose he unfolds the mystery and wonder of the universe. After summarizing the growth of previous conceptions of celestial mechanics, he brings us to the theory of Relativity and, incidentally, exposes a popular error. Einstein has *extended*, not destroyed the work of the great Newton and his successors. Within the limits of our solar system that work holds good; but for the vast, star-strewn spaces beyond, it needs modification.

A man dropping a stone from a train "sees" it fall vertically; his friend near the railway "sees" it describe a parabola; while to countless observers on other bodies in space its motion *appears*, in every case, different. For each one his own movement, *relative to the stone's*, determines its *apparent velocity and direction*. Yet their views are all equally valid, since none of them possesses any "fixed system of reference in space" to which the true (or absolute) motion of the stone can be referred. In fact, the conceptions of "Absolute Time, Force, and Matter" have to be abandoned; they are, indeed, all of them only *relative* quantities. *Our* measurement of Time is a purely conventional one, based on the earth's diurnal rotation; and we estimate the velocity, direction, and mass of other bodies in terms of our own *apparent motion through space* and our own conceptions of Time, Matter, and gravitational attraction.

The eye registers eight impressions a second, so we cannot "see" the movement of either a bullet or a plant. They move too quickly or slowly for our perception. Multiply or divide this rate at which our brains receive impressions—and how strangely

different the universe appears! With *one* impression per day the sun and stars would stand still, and we could *see* plants grow. A sufficient variation in the opposite direction and a bullet would "move" no faster than a snail. How frail then is the support we rely on when we attempt to speak of any "absolute" quantities in our vast universe! Yet, none the less, Time is, truly, a *fourth dimension of space*. In an empty universe Time becomes meaningless. We cannot imagine an instantaneous cube of matter, nor conceive any idea of Time without some Motion by which we can measure it. Neither Matter nor Time can exist unless one is related to the other. And our notions of Velocity, Mass, and Direction depend upon them both and are relative to the conditions under which we exist on earth.

Einstein foresaw that, although his theory explained a puzzling peculiarity in Mercury's orbit, it demanded two phenomena hitherto unrecognized by science. These two predictions—the bending of light by a mass such as the sun, and a shift (quite independently of the well-known Döppler effect) of the spectral lines towards the red—have now been triumphantly verified by experiment. So Einstein's theory holds the field, at present, as the nearest approach to a true conception of the universe.

Though it is impossible to deal adequately with the subject in a brief notice, Professor Rice's book is one of absorbing interest.

The study of the Sun, Moon, and Earth forms the basis of astronomy, and Dr. Forbes condenses all his essential facts into eighty pages. A charming story of a philosophic stonebreaker illustrates, pointedly as well as humorously, the difference between vague speculation and established scientific truth. Indeed, it emphasizes a fact which holds true of *all* knowledge: no new statement should ever be accepted unless based on clear, and repeated, experimental proof.

The nature of sun-spots and their curious relation to magnetic storms; the erratic motion of the moon and planetary "perturbations" in general; the vast masses and inconceivable distances of the stars, of whose material constitution and movements we yet know so much with the aid of the spectroscope—all these matters, and many more, are clearly dealt with. Dr. Forbes has written an excellent introduction to the fascinating study of the heavens.

Dr. Spielmann's book is a clear and admirable introduction to modern chemistry, though space only permits him to treat it in outline. A short historical summary is followed by the classification of his subject into its three main branches: inorganic, organic, and physical chemistry; the last-named being that borderline science from which has sprung the new and startling conception of the atom as a balanced, planetary system of minute

positive and negative units of electricity. And these units, strangely enough, turn out to be *Matter and Force in one.* The fundamental facts of chemical change are then explained, and the remainder of the book deals with the more practical and increasingly important question of applied (or industrial) chemistry and its endless applications to the needs of our modern civilization. A few misprints should be noted. On page 19, line 23, 24×10^{9} should read 24×10^{-9}. Fortunately the text makes the meaning clear, for otherwise the hydrogen atom would appear to be of stellar magnitude! Three lines below this, "billion" should read "million." On page 52, line 14, for "*fairly* divided nickel," read "finely"; on page 60, line 23, read "Terpenes" (not "Tenpenes"); finally, on page 70, line 7, "*ad*sorption" (not "*ab*sorption") is surely intended.

These little books deserve fuller notices than our space permits. Each is written by an expert in his subject, and all are packed with well-chosen and condensed information. They should be of great interest to the general reader unacquainted with science, and of even greater value to those who are scientifically inclined and are in search of a career. Their very low price brings them within the reach of all, and no school library should be without them.

GENERAL AND REPRINTS

COSTUME AND FASHION: SENLAC TO BOSWORTH, 1066–1485. By HERBERT NORRIS. Illustrated by the Author. Dent. 31s. 6d.

MR. NORRIS'S title does less than justice to his encyclopædic volume, for in its 450 quarto pages he packs not only detailed information about the evolution of fashions and costumes in England throughout his period, but he glances aside at many of the accessories of the life of the time, thus dealing, as it were, with the "properties" as well as the costumes. Half-tone reproductions of contemporary sculpture, the author's own water-colour drawings and copies from illuminated manuscripts, and hundreds of black and white drawings from his pen illustrate the text. The fact that many of these last are diagrams showing the basic construction of individual garments adds to the practical value of the book. Mr. Norris manages to relate his thesis to contemporary history and personages in a way that keeps it intensely alive.

There was need for a book as thorough as this upon the subject, which has not received as much attention in this country as it has abroad. The fact that this is the second volume (the first deals with European dress to the end of the Anglo-Saxon period) causes us to look forward to others completing the survey. The present one is in every way an admirable production.

THE RESCUE SERIES: THE HEROINE. By EATON STANNARD BARRETT. With an Introduction by MICHAEL SADLEIR. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

THE idea of reprinting in a comely form some of the best novels of the past which are unknown to the general reader is excellent, and besides the quaintness of bygone fashions these older books supply a standard of writing which may well be pleasing to a public often dosed with twaddle. "The Heroine," expertly introduced by Mr. Sadleir, was rescued some years since by the Oxford University Press, but we have re-read her fantastic talk and doings with pleasure. Barrett evidently knew very well the wild and silly romances he parodies, and he exhibits the silliness with admirable gusto. Towards the end Miss Cherry Wilkinson, who will have it that she is not the daughter of a farmer, but Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, a misused heiress, grows a little tedious. A parody cannot well last beyond 200 pages. This heroine is not only crazed with a desire for villains and misfortunes, but actually succeeds early in the book in clapping her poor father into a madhouse. This detail is a mistake: her own crazy doings, encouraged by various characters in the plot, were sufficient. But the author's command of humour throughout is delicious, and in one point at least he is modern enough. When one of the common people objects to "living a month on a mouthful," and would not give a farthing for a starvation diet, Cherubina replies:

> These are the delights of vulgar life. But to be thin, innocent, and lyrical; to bind and unbind her hair; in a word, to be the most miserable creature that ever augmented a brook with tears, these, my friend, are the glories of the heroine.

She is at least quite frank in her views of her own doings, and recognizes that where a little minx with a flat face may be called a wanton, a heroine with an oval one will only be accused of susceptibility.

H. G. WELLS. The Essex Edition. Vols. XIX–XXIII. Benn. 3s. 6d. each.

IN this admirable edition the latest romances are half humorous sketches of life, and half serious. "Bealby," with its pleasant scenes of caravanning, is much more attractive than "The Sea Lady," which repeats the author's many views of the vulgar and stupid rich. "The Passionate Friends," apart from some notes of travel we could do without, shows that skill in developing emotional crises which is a speciality with Mr. Wells. But many will prefer his return to scientific imagination in "The World Set Free," which pictures the enormous results to mankind of the release and use of atomic energy.

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CONTENTS OF THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-SEVENTH NUMBER

		PAGE
DR. T. TINGFANG LEW	Correspondence—Chinese Nationalism	373
GENERAL BARON WRANGEL	The White Armies: In Russia and Later	375
"PAT"	The Way of Salvation for Ireland	395
E. T. GOOD	Mines Nationalization	408
"ARVIC"	Alien Immigration to Canada	412
	Notes from Paris	417
SIR PATRICK FAGAN, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.	Socialism: Retrospect and Prospect	420
G. H. LEPPER	Britain's Declining Trade	430
DR. JOSEPH WELLS	Women at Oxford	436
JANE H. FINDLATER	The Birthday	445
UNITED SERVICES	Modern Rugby Football	457
C. B. ARMSTRONG	Polyphemus	466
ROSALIND WEBSTER	The Allotment	473
LAURENCE HOUSMAN	Poem: Post Mortem	478
A. P. GARLAND	"Says Sergeant Murphy"	480
HORACE SHIPP	First Fruits	482
	Book Reviews	485

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